

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

What's behind
the British riots

Maclean's



JULY 20, 1981

\$1.00



HANDS OFF

U.S. IRE ABOUT
CANADIAN TAKE-OVERS



Macleans



COVER STORY

Hands off

The National Energy Program has been the catalyst in Washington for a new round of trade retaliation talks. Two congressional committees heard from officials and businessmen last week and Ronald Reagan raised the matter with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. It's still just talk but, reports Washington bureau chief Michael Posner, if Ottawa stands as firm as it has, there could be repercussions ahead. —Page 17



Violent verdict

Furcuses of major British crimes were turned into infamy by rioting youths. —Page 25

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Snow, heat and gloom

After fancy footwork and a glimmer of hope in the postal strike, both sides dig in. —Page 21



Island in trouble

Madagascar's socialist leader is steering cautiously in baffling economic winds. —Page 12



Trapped claustrophobic

Actor Nancy Allen had her own fears on the set of Brian De Palma's new thriller. —Page 38

Because the postal strike has halted several subscribers' distribution, this issue will only be available on weekends. Maclean's Reader Service and news bureaus across the country have some copies available free for individual pickup on request. (See addresses, left, and masthead, page 4.) This issue will not be mailed to subscribers when the strike ends. Instead, all current subscriptions will have their terms extended by the number of disrupted weeks. Letters to the editor may be postponed; contact us at (416) 596-5222.



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EDITORIAL

The lettermen are singing that same old song again

By Peter C. Newman

There have been six national strikes in the 14 years since the postal workers were first granted collective bargaining rights by the government of Lester Pearson. The mails have been disrupted for a total of a hundred days and each time the Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW) went back to work for far less than its original demands. The most absurd example was the union's 1975 ultimatum for a 73-per-cent wage increase to be accompanied by a reduction in the work week to 30 hours. CUPW settled for half an hour pay and the same working hours after 42 days of the job.)

The current strike, which is crippling the country's ability to operate (and preventing our subscribers from receiving this magazine), is even more bizarre. The government had already offered increases that will bring inside postal workers having two years' experience to annual wages of \$32,000 with cost-of-living benefits and assured job security. The main outstanding issue is the granting of 17 weeks' maternity leave. (Of CUPW's female employees only 220 applied for maternity benefits in 1980 and they were already eligible for 15 weeks of unemployment insurance payments of 60 per cent of their salaries up to \$188 a week.)

Quite apart from the appropriateness of this principle as the basis of a nation-crippling strike, there is the question of how representative the walkout really is. The only figure released on the strike call was that 84 per cent of those who voted (at some meetings by a show of hands closely scrutinized by union stewards) wanted to hit the streets. But in Toronto, for example, it has been estimated that only 800 of the 5,300 eligible members turned out to vote.

When the post office becomes a Crown corporation in September, the most urgent reform that must be included in the then-relevant labor legislation, the Canada Labor Code, is that the post office union must lose the right to strike. The Public Service Staff Relations Act denies the strike weapon to certain "designated" classes of federal government employees whose duties are judged to be essential for the "safety or security of the public." The postal service, or what's left of it, clearly qualifies for a similar kind of exclusion. A permanent board of arbitration should be set up to monitor labor relations in the post office, allowing both sides to air their views and implement recommendations.

Jean-Claude Paré's record of irresponsibility and his declaration that even if legislated back he would order his members to disregard the rule of law demand that this union's right to strike be forfeited.

Madcan's

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Enduring wrath

After reading Barbara Amiel's column on my book, *When Birds Were Most Pure* (An Evening Post of Toronto, Column, June 29), I gave myself two weeks to calm my anger and outrage. Instead, my frustration grew. I do not mind when Amiel calls me "a stereotype of the impatient little Jew: all smart-alecky chatter," however, I do mind when she states that I was "a Jewish activist in the left wing of Hungary's Social Democratic Party." I was not a Jewish activist but a Social Democrat who worked as an anti-Fascist and anti-Communist. The statement that "in a certain sense it would be more accurate to describe it as a biography" is incorrect because it implies that the book was written about me and not by me. In truth I met George Pakiz in 1945 while he was working with the Social Democratic Party's newspaper, not in the Greek labor camp in 1940. All these mistakes could have been avoided had Amiel taken the time to carefully read my book.

—OSWALD GORDON
Toronto

Allergic to convention

Having practiced conventional allergy treatment for many years before becoming a student of classical ecology, I can fully understand Dr. Greenbaum's attitude (An Allergic Reaction to Modern Life, Health, June 8). It was the



George Pakiz smart-alecky chatter

number of therapeutic failures in my practice that caused me to search for solutions in other areas of our environment. The academic opportunity to our methods and techniques is based on a poorly designed research project which was performed by individuals who have

During the postal strike, readers may submit letters to the Editor at *Midwest Hunter* offices or news bureaus across Canada (see contents page and masthead). For complete lists or by telephone call to Toronto (416) 596-5333 during normal business hours.

several qualifications to study ecological disease. Surely conventional medicine should entertain alternative solutions for the immense number of undiagnosed medical failures that presently exist. The classical ecology approach has helped many thousands of chronically ill people, and this speaks for itself.

—JOSEPH MACLENNAN, MD,
Dundas, Ont.

Anger spawning anger

To ask fairly the question of whether the Quebec police were justified in raiding the Montserrat Indian reserve (Big Gun for Little Fishes, Canada, June 29) one must understand the conservation side of the argument. Since 1874, when the Indians ended simple subsistence fishing, conservationists, commercial fishermen and anglers have been trying to alert governments to the need for control of this fishery. You say that "the weight of evidence appears to support the Indians" and thus cite only one fact. "The raid was ordered not by the agriculture department responsible for commercial fishing but by Tourism, Hunting and Fisheries," which suggests that the action represents protection of the interests of wealthy anglers. In truth, virtually all disputes concerning the management of Atlantic salmon come from Tourism, Hunting and Fishing.

Executive Director,
The International Atlantic
Salmon Foundation,
St. Andrews, N.B.

PASSAGES



DEED: Jailed Irish nationalist Joseph McDermott, 30, on the day of his hunger strike in Belfast's Maze Prison, the fifth man to die of starvation since the 1980s began to gain special privileges and political status for Irish nationalist prisoners began on March 1. Eight more prisoners in Maze are currently on official hunger strikes.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL: British-born Bob Atkins, 37, one of the closest aides of former Ukrainian dictator Mr. Kalia, for murder. Held in Kyiv's Lutsenko prison since extradition from Korea in 1970, Atkins is being tried for the 1977 murder of a fisherman during an anti-smuggling operation when Atkins was at the height of power.

MEMBERS: Giuseppe Tallero, 53, the Italian petrochemical executive who was kidnapped in Venice by the Red

Brigades on May 20. Reminiscence of the 1978 murder of former Italian premier Aldo Moro. Tallero's bullet-ridden body was found wrapped in a blanket in the trunk of a parked car near the plant where he worked.

DEED: Adolphus Payne, 72, one of Canada's most well-remembered detectives, in a Port Hope, Ont., hospital after a long fight with Parkinson's disease. In a 44-year career with the Toronto and Metro police forces, Payne solved numerous tough cases and became a national hero in 1952 when he tracked down bank robber Edwin Alton Boyd and his gang.



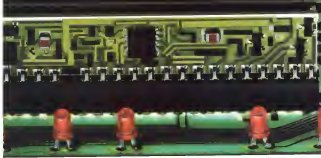
RELEASED: Isabel Peron, 53, former president of Argentina, after five years of imprisonment on charges of fraud and misappropriation of public funds. Voted into the presidency in 1974 when her husband, Juan, died, Peron was overthrown by a military coup in 1976 and

banished to her country estate outside Buenos Aires. Following her release, the former choral line dancer flew to her villa in Spain.



APPOINTED: Bishop Josef Glemp, 52, as the new Catholic primate of Poland by Pope John Paul II to fill the role left vacant when Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński died on May 26. Coming just before the first industrial arrest in three months, the appointment was hailed by both the Polish leadership and the independent labor federation, Solidarity.

SETTLED: A liability case involving three-year-old Jelena Rose Barrette, in which Philip Billa, driver of the car that left Barrette blind, extended and pardoned after a 1978 accident in Calgary, Alta., was ordered to pay \$608,000 for the child's lifetime care. According to Barrette's lawyer, Herbert Koenig, the sum is Alberta's largest-ever accident settlement.



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Ontario's Charlie and Fern Jacobs with grandchildren, working for clean water

Selective memory

Joan Kirkpatrick, the United States' ambassador to the US, is correct when stating that some authoritarian regimes become democracies (*Disappearance of Justice*, World, June 20). However, she neglected to mention that some democracies become authoritarian regimes. This happened—just to name one of many cases—in the Guatemala of the '60s, when the democratically elected government of the moderate Jacobo Arbenz Guzman was overthrown by a military coup with the encouragement and active assistance of the government of Kirkpatrick's country.

—DOUGLAS VINCENT

Toronto

Thanks, but no thanks

Raping Female Homosexuals in the Courts (Law, June 15) is an example of sensationalist journalism resting on the shaky foundations of questionable research. Through publication of such work as providing a belated excuse for the unethical acts of the few, half of humanity is exposed to suspicion and ridicule.

—THERESA J. AMAN

St. Andrews, N.B.

I was disturbed by your article on premenstrual syndrome. I have heard of claims that a high percentage of criminals have severe chemical imbalances in their bodies which probably contribute to their behavior. To my knowledge, this hasn't appeared as a sentence-reducing defense in the courts. Is it fair to allow some women to use this putative "premenstrual syndrome" as a defense? It seems like an abuse of the judicial process to me.

—MAY ANNE SILLMAN

Toronto

A great town for a city

I see that the teeny wep from *Lotusland* is at it again (*High-neck-a-mucks in Heat*, Column, June 20). Ottawa, having said that it is "Wherever Allan Fotheringham runs out of vitriol to pour on various politicians and other assorted favorite targets, he takes out his pique on poor old Ottawa. Not on the misplaced poppy-heads from his borrow, or on the grade-schoolers in Gaspich Bluffs streams or on the down-brokers who'd die for a fresh lid-decked! No, sir, none of those—old Chief Proulx-in-the-Mouth dumps on Ottawa and its weather. There are many of us who were raised in the city, and many more who were actually born here, who take exception to Fotheringham's spiteful caricatures of a town

that is truly beautiful, clean, safe, bottom, enjoyable, and best of all, one of which he is not a resident. Perhaps if he were resident in Washington or struck by instant poverty in London he would have a better perception of what a great town this really is. —JOHN D. LARLEY, Ontario

The feeding is mutual

The thinly veiled threats against reciprocity with Canada reported in *Fishing Ever Closer to the Bone* (Comment, June 20) are disturbing. The American attitude toward the friendly neighbor to the north never fails to be either patronizing or downright insouciant. Witnesses requests for negotiations of fishing rights or serious attention paid to the worry of acid rain. The National Energy Program is enabling us to act in our own best interest. This interest should no longer be passed over to satisfy that so-frequently quoted poverty of our neighbors—the best interests of America. —ROBERT BAYNEHAM, Toronto

It's Latin to me

Your article *Speedy in the Speed Point* (Canada, June 22) included the Latin motto *Fortis est veritas*, translated as "truth is strength." It might also be translated as "through (fortis) is truth (veritas)"—or, loosely, as *Might makes Right*.

—FREDERICK S. APPLETON, Sarasota, Fla.

Hits off to the Surcease

It angers and disgusts me that, at a time when Canada's "longer shivers" are under criticism concerning their self-sufficiency, the bureaucracy of Alberta attempts to stifle the entrepreneurial talents of Bruce Starlight and the Surcease band (*Justin Morvay Wade More Spite*, Canada, June 15). Hits off to *Moderna*, *Gordon Legge* and the "bold people"! —MICHAEL MACDONALD, Sherwood, P.E.I.

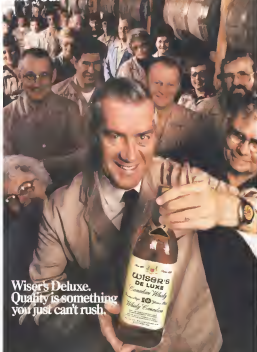
A dad around the house

Thanks for that sweetest preface to "Research on showing that fathers are important contributors to their children's development" (*Probing the Father-Child Connection*, Behavior, June 22). We have suspected for some time that there was a reason for our being around the house, but we were never sure what it was.

—D.J. PARK, Dartmouth, N.S.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 417 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7.

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Picturing the future

I wish to congratulate you on your outstanding article, *Don't Drink the Water* (Cover, June 20). I found it very informative and directly to the point. I'm sure it has helped many people to become aware of what is befalling our environment and of what steps the authorities are taking. I was especially impressed by the cover illustration. By itself, it tells the story of sea reality, and of what will come to pass if we continue to pollute our waters.

—DAVID CHERLIN, Richmond, Ont.

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Playing lip service to melody

"Whistling was the ultimate primitive diversion that didn't involve sex"

By Ted Wood

If anybody in Ottawa really cares why we're coming together as a nation, I have the answer. There's no music in our soul. That's the fundamental problem. It's not a shortage/surfeit of black/white women's rights. It's not nutritious or acid rain or the party/state why we have stopped hanging people up by the neck to impress their behavior. It's not even Pierre Elliott Trudeau, far crying out loud. All of society's ills stem from the fact that there hasn't been a true writing since Twister that anybody could whistle. We don't have popular tunes anymore. In their place we have popular abstracts or growth or dream or amplified licks on a star with thickened strings. If anybody comes close to a single melodic phrase they stick it into the broadcasting repetitions of a disco number and beat it to death. These haven't even been a musical with a name in it since *My Fair Lady*. People will try to tell you, *A Chorus Line* was a musical but ask them to hum a melody from it, any melody.

No, there's our problem. The reason all these infants, rights and protests are shooting their slogans as tirelessly as they have never learned to pucker up and whistle toward. Back in the days when the world single-eminently sang up an anthem, every boy on the street had a musical in his house. It began the year he got his first instrument and continued until he became a customer for Doris Greer.

Whistling was even written into the bible of the Boy Scouts. Baden-Powell told us, "A scout smiles and whistles under all adventures." What does today's edition of *Scouting for Boys* tell us? "A scout smiles and cracks up his eight-track tapes under all adventures." Probably. Lord knows, he would get little enough comfort out of whistling the latest rock hit.

I think we have lost our innocence. Whistling was the ultimate primitive diversion that didn't involve sex. Think about it. Anyone could whistle. You didn't have to own a car, except for your God-given set of choppers. You didn't have to be clever or rich. You didn't need batteries or an AC outlet. All you needed was solitude in which to practice. You impressed your technique by keeping your eyes and ears open around you. My dad used to do tricky work by sighting his eyeballs against the edge of a playing card, producing the same kind of effect that a stare now adds to a trumpet. My own specialty was a trill, learned from the pages of Tom Sawyer where you can still read how to throw in grace notes by touching the tip of your tongue to the roof of your mouth.

Maybe that's part of today's troubles. Modern society spends more of its time with its tongue in other people's mouths than we used to. And, of course, more time with its nose in other people's affairs. It was much harder to work

up a lather over constitutional reform or air pollution when you had more important things on your mind, such as how low to pitch the opening line of *I Can't Get Started* so you could entrust orchestra leader Nancy Reagan's footsteps.

Back then we all shared secrets. Oh sure, there were a few real whistlers who could improvise around a theme, but most guys were happy to trade a good solo performance. Nancy's troupeless opening of *I've Got It* (Santambel) Over You was a big favorite. So was the aria of *One Fine Day*. We didn't give much credit to orchestral arrangements. Only a low-track ten-a-gear would bother with things like *Moonlight Serenade*. We were big hupper potting our pecker against the voluptuosity of *Harlem Nocturne* or *Serenade*. No matter how clever Stan Kenen's artistry and rhythm, you heard it only from the old-style stationary radio. At the same time every lather boy who passed by

advertised items like *Rhuberry Hill* or *The Old Camp-leigher*. Whistling itself was a Darwinian method for stamping out abnormal music. The tunes weren't all duds. For every *Star Dust* or *Rain of Pearls* there was a *Marmalade* and a hundred songs like *Nature Boy* or *Ballroom*. But all of them, no matter how trivial, had a do-it-yourself melody that could be copied without the kind of equipment today's kids depend on.

Blackberry has killed popular music. If we are looking for melodic, I guess we could Google out the Japanese. No power had they signed the cassette then they got their revenge as the West by dumping out transistor radios. It was the end of variety. Suddenly everybody, regardless of age, sex or dental condition, was capable of carrying a tune, by the handle of his or her radio.

We whistlers have fought our resurgence around. We have clung to movie themes as our last bastion. *Dance of Valse* and *Movie* have, for years, as did *Lawrence of Arabia*, but by the time we got down to the *Melody Movie* findings in *Doctor Zhivago* we were gone. Here we stand, facing a tidal wave of ugliness in which musicals (literally) flatter themselves about stages playing their pitiful handful of chords and howling unsatisfactory hitlers.

What's to be done? Should whistling be taught in school? Should it be covered by the *Index* as a primitive art form? Should the Canada Council finance whistlers, the way it finances barbers of the socialist movement? How about a royal commission, chaired by someone old enough to remember melodies, young enough to have his own teeth? No, I think we will have to wait for the future to run out of resources to power radio sets. Then some future generation of youngsters will discover that there's more than one reason to enjoy pecking up.

Ted Wood is a freelance writer and the 1986 whistling champion of Emily Lovett, U.K.



It doesn't take gas.

Down the road, you may be able to get into a car that hums along on electricity instead of gasoline.

Dozens of companies are currently refining designs for electric vehicles and testing them for performance and efficiency.

Last year, Ontario Hydro began a program to assess the practicality of electric vehicles and hybrid cars using gasoline and electricity and their effect on Ontario's electricity supply should they come into popular use. This year, they will expand the program on behalf of the Ministry of Energy to concentrate on the research, development and demonstration of parts and components.

Why all this activity? It's because there is a need to find a reasonable alternative to oil and gasoline as soon as possible.

In many ways, electric vehicles could prove ideal. They are quiet and clean. They don't waste energy because the power shuts off when they're not moving. And electric vehicles can be conveniently re-charged at night when less electricity is being used for other purposes.

Research shows that most people's driving is done in urban-suburban trips within a 60 kilometre radius. So for deliveries, shopping, going to and from work, and picking up the kids from school, the electric car could really fill the bill.

One of the realities of the electric car to date, is that it costs more and does less than gasoline vehicles. While performance figures vary, most electric cars today reach a top speed of 90 kilometres an hour. At lesser speeds they travel about 70 kilometres before they need an 8 to 10 hour re-charge.

Acceleration abilities still need improvement too. Depending on the type of battery used, it can take up to 10 seconds to go from 0 to 30 kilometres an hour.

Both the problems and the promises of the electric car lie in the batteries that power them. Available battery banks weigh up to

600 kilograms and lose their efficiency in cold weather.

Electric vehicle maintenance is low and no tune-ups are needed. However, the batteries are expensive and must be replaced at a cost of about \$1,500 every 40,000 kilometres.

Despite present costs and technical difficulties, proponents of the electrical vehicle believe it will have an important role on the road in the future. One major automobile manufacturer plans to have electric vehicles in its model line-up for the mid-eighties.

As gasoline supplies become increasingly uncertain and prices continue to rise, driving electric may be our best form of private transportation at prices we can afford.

When and if that happens, most of us will be happy to quietly hum along electrically.

Electricity—when you need it, we're there.



A life in the movie theatre

'Surfacing,' Jutra's first major film in eight years, shows he is still Canada's top director

By Lawrence O'Toole

Claude Jutra fell in love with movies at an age when other little boys were dreaming of becoming *Bremen*. "The first motion picture frames that flashed in front of my eyes—I must have been about 8—were from a home movie I saw at the home of my aunt's friends. It was a revelation—a miracle," recalls the French-Canadian director who is widely considered to be Canada's finest. "Movies became my first real concern. There was never any question about what I was going to do with my life."

That's about as passionate as the painfully shy and soft-spoken Jutra ever gets in public; the rest of the passion is preserved for his films. *Samson*, yet subtly comic, and concerned more with interior landscapes than external action, Jutra's film breathes sudden outbursts of violence, at odds with his retiring and rather gentle behavior. "Claude doesn't show his emotions easily," says Beryl Fox, the producer of *Surfacing*, Jutra's new movie which will open next week nearly two years after it was begun (see review, page 52). "When he does show emotion, he shows it on screen, and then it goes out."

When Claude Jutra made his first feature in 1963, the autobiographical *A Post Premier* in which he and a black model named Jeanne portrayed their own tense love affair, he was immediately acclaimed. Later, *Notre-Dame* (1971) and *Rosemoulin* (1972) established him internationally and led Canada to believe that it had finally produced a great director. "He's one of the pillars of Quebec film," says Michelle Lévesque, an activist theatre director (*The Handmaid's Tale*) herself.

Perhaps so, but after all these years he's still struggling, "asleep and far away," as he once put it. The brooding, tense-filled *Surfacing*, his first major feature film in eight years, isn't a film concerned, but with another pitiful film. *By Design*, a comedy about a lesbian couple who want to have a child, is still being negotiated with a potential distributor. "*Surfacing*," says Jutra, "was surprisingly little matter, just against the grain of most films produced in Canada during the last few years." He's referring, accurately, to the cheap shot, quick-buck mentality responsible for much of the pay produced in "Hollywood North"



Jutra (right) and actor Joseph Robitaille during filming of 'Surfacing'—just a city boy

"Some people haven't wanted *Surfacing* to be a success—in order to justify the kind of films they're making."

Jutra just doesn't have what it takes to be a hustler, and his films have had only modest success at the box office. Consequently, he has had problems finding backing for his projects. He lived for years in the same spartan apartment in Montreal, generally avoiding public exposure as well as publicity. The serene lifestyle matched his gently ironic, which rarely exceeded four figures. With a new phobia of public life and an astonishing manner that requires he qualify nearly everything he says ("I can only speak for myself," "That's not only my view," and so on), he tends to be total underfoot in the more-making people by the harder and stronger species.

"He is two people," says Fox. "He is shy in person and a powerhouse on the set." During the filming of *Surfacing* in Northern Ontario two summers ago, it was Jutra, whose delicacies and sense of humor kept up morale in the face of insurmountable problems—black-film, heat, a fast-shooting schedule on a small budget and an American star who

dropped out of the project. Fox recalls that one day, during a tricky shoot of swimming, the raft carrying Jutra and his technical crew was pulled dangerously close to some rapids by the current. "I'm just a city boy," he shouted boldly, waving his arms as the raft picked up speed, and then entertaining stunned onlookers in a rescue was organized. His patience and respect for actors are remarkable, says Basil Robinson, a Toronto actor who appears in *By Design*. "He knows what he wants when he's working. You'd find him quiet but he's intense, concentrated and totally involved." Though controlled and efficient (*Surfacing* was completed ahead of time and under budget), Jutra credits the spontaneous and untrained for the power in his work. "When I make a film, what I draw upon is emotion, not reason. By not knowing exactly what I'm doing with when I'm making a film, I can use my dream to contribute. And what are these dreams? Well, I don't want to make any more films."

At 50, Claude Jutra has retained a childlike awe and sense of wonder. His best-known work, *Mon Oncle Antoine*, is told from the sensitive point of

view of a growing boy who discovers the harsher reality of death in a Quebec suburban mining town. Jutra's own upbringing, in an affluent Montreal home, was a happy one, both his father and his grandfather were doctors and Claude, too, graduated from medical school. He never predicted though and the love of film maintained his interest. "When I was young in Montreal there was a law forbidding kids to go to movies before they were 16. It was terrible and you needed to have a lot of B and C movies in your little theatre—the only ones that would let me in." The absence of movie theatres during his late teens when, on weekends, he would hop a train for New York and see as many as 10 films at a go. "By the time I was 20 I had seen most of the important films that had been made. It was absolutely necessary to do to feed my bottomless appetite. Movies were as important as eating."

Film, first in the viewing and now in the making, has always represented a kind of escape for him. "I'm only fully alive when I'm making a film. I'm very often angry—angry and outraged—when I'm not working." When the Quebec film industry fell on hard times in the mid-70s Jutra became isolated and terribly unhappy. He drank and put on weight. "For a long time I was in a ghetto of film and film only," he says.



'For a long time I was in a ghetto of film and film only'

When Jutra was forced into exile from Quebec in 1977, he did discover something about the world outside the film frame; there were other options. He made several highly acclaimed TV films for the CBC (*Dromedaire*, *Aida*), taught theatre, acted, produced, did a documentary series. "In the last few years I diversified to survive. Now, if I can't get a feature film going, I'm con-

tently not lost. It used to be that when I finished a film, there was nothing in front of me. Now, for example, I've had offers to teach at the London Film School. I'm no longer in the ghetto."

More than that has changed in Jutra's life. He no longer drinks. He has quit smoking and taken trim and vig. course. Nearly a decade ago he told a *Mercury* interviewer "Love is pleasure, work is growth. I think I've seen all that love has to offer..." These days he's again in the house ("on the spar of the moment") and has set to work completely. Still a child of the movies, he prints his address and telephone on a piece of safety film as his calling card. A bachelor, he views his films as his children whom he "nurtured and watched" and "bridge" to the world. "I like them all equally. We children." He looks ahead with equanimity. "The anguish of the road in front of me is no longer there. I've settled down. And if *Surfacing* and *By Design* aren't successes, then I will cry."

With film from Henry Wilson.



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HELP IN THE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Trouble in an island 'paradise'

Political and economic strains course uneasily under a six-year-old socialist rule

By Caryle Murphy

A rub of seaweed of long ago who lived the waters they called the "Sea of the Blacks," believed the island was home to a three-masted high land that could lift a grown man and carry him away. Today, visitors here are hospitably pressed to drink from the river Manangara so that destiny will bring travellers back. Madagascar is made for legends. The fourth-largest island in the world, it is a place of huge beauty, wild and volcanic forces enough to irritate the artists.

Islanders, built on 12 "sacred hills," are the faded pastels of a centuries-old European village. Three-story narrow row houses in mock Victorian style with roofs of circular wooden tiles are stacked along the slopes of the hills. Their wrought-iron balconies and arched walls are draped with vines of tiny pink Madagascan orchids of bean-poles. The clutter of horse-drawn stage coaches and the paucity of passenger pulled by handcart men in tailored clothes—remnants of the winding cobblestone streets. Displaced from



Weekly market, no Coca-Cola signs

percentage of any modern-day African. Centuries before Captain Cook, the 17th-century pirate, terrified these ivory-white, pale-freckled slaves, adventurous Polynesians in sailboats crossed the Indian Ocean to settle on the island's central plateau. Their descendants are the coffee-colored Malagasy (as the islanders call themselves), with sweet-toothed eyes and long, straight, black hair. These highlanders, together with the darker-skinned others (the coastal dwellers), whose ancestors were slaves brought from Africa, have developed a distinctive culture and language in much the same way as their island, in its isolation, has nurtured its own special flora and fauna.

Patronage of the capital city of Ant-



Ratsimilaho: renaissance experiment

bouncing on worn-out springs dart in and about the uncombed traffic. Every Friday morning, Antananarivo's Place de la Liberté and nearby streets are transformed into a street scene from *Les Enfants du Paradis* as vendors set up tables stacked with fresh fruit and vegetables, dainties, handmade perfumes for colds and arthritis, baskets and assorted odds and ends. Scores of hawk-borne prices, stark upright in the hubs of old truck wheels and draped with stained white cloths, offer shade.

Dominating the highest of the 12 sacred hills around the city is the palace of the 19th-century Ranoivoan dynasty. Its red velvet wallpaper, two-tone mahogany parquet floors and chandeliers attest to the sophistication and worldliness of the Ranoivoan Queen Ranoivoan II, who favored long frilly dresses designed by Parisian couturiers, sent an emissary halfway around the world to sign a friendship treaty with U.S. President Chester Arthur in 1863. Four years later, her successor died in exile in Algeria after the French had taken her country.

Sixty-five years of colonial rule from Paris has left Madagascar, or the Malagasy Republic as it became known upon independence in 1960, with an overlay of Gallic culture—Colbert and Isle de France are the main hotels downtown, the patisserie, sell croissants and you can still get a nice meal of braise legs at any restaurants in the countryside. And no Coca-Cola signs—instead the eerie grocery shops advertise Clinique, Alou, Mire.

In fact it's here that one begins to see



WINNERS

The National Magazine Awards Foundation congratulates the winners of awards for excellence in the fourth annual Magazine Awards program. Individual magazine writers, photographers, illustrators and art directors compete in nineteen awards categories and receive \$1,000 gold awards for first place or \$500 silver awards for second place. This year there were 1,600 entries of work appearing in eighty-six Canadian magazines. The awards program is bilingual and was adjudicated by eighty English- or French-speaking judges from across the country, assembled in specialized juries. The Directors of the Foundation also give awards for achievement each year by Canadian magazines.

The winners are:

University of Western Ontario President's Medal Awards for General Magazine Articles: Gold *Maître à la queue* Les mœurs à Montréal Québec Science; Silver Elaine Dewar Groping in the Dark Canadian Business.

Toronto-Dominion Bank Awards for Humour: Gold *City* Pioneer City Frontier Perspectives; Silver Ray Grogan the Pig Atlantic Insight.

Mutual Life of Canada Awards for Business Writing: Gold Margaret Wente *The New Power of the Pension Funds* Canadian Business; Silver Jan Brown *The Underground Economy* Saturday Night.

RBW Awards for Science and Technology: Gold Roy Macgregor *And Kim Macdonald's, Silver Paine Scarrow* *Metric in an order sans mesure* L'Actualité.

Nelson Awards for Canadian Sports Writing: Gold Peter Gonsky *Portrait of a Prodigy* Saturday Night; Silver Ray MacGregor *King of the Rings* Atlantic.

Abitibi-Price Awards for Politics: Gold Christine McKelvey *Newman You Can't and the Politics of Manipulation* Saturday Night; Silver Jean Patis *Le camp de d'Almeida: entre le pied et le royaume* L'Actualité.

Canadian Packers Awards for Agriculture: Gold Jean-Marc Fleury *Un abricot d'apparence Québec Science*; Silver Terry Macleod *The Manger Manger* Canadian.

McClendon and Stewart Awards for Fiction: Gold Ron Blanchard *Saturday Night*; Silver Josef Svec *Stretchy* *Ok Magazine* *Wink* Canadian Fiction Magazine.

De Meurier Awards for Poetry: Gold Brunen Wallace *Sign of the Pioneer* *Toronto* *Event*; Silver David McCadden *St. Peter's Caplone Review*.

Brown Awards for Culture: Gold Gray Racher *Un demi-siècle d'histoire culturelle au Québec* University of Toronto Quarterly; Silver Hugh MacLennan *Presence* Canada University of Toronto Quarterly.

Air Canada Awards for Travel: Gold Charles Oberdorf & Merrick Hopperman *Tahiti* *Financial Post* Magazine; Silver Silver Donald Cameron *Perry Road* *Parade* Atlantic Insight.

A. C. Forrest Memorial Awards for Religion: Journalism: Gold Elaine Dewar *Shut The Doors* Church in Canada; Silver Hugh MacLennan *The House Church in Central America* United Church Observer.

Consumers' Gas Awards for Food Writing: Gold Serge Mongeau *L'angoisse dans notre assiette* L'Actualité; Silver Cynthia White *Dining* *Alfred* City Woman.

Dominion Textile Awards for Fashion Features: Gold Beverly Ruskert & Gordon Hay *In My Style* City Woman; Silver Beverly Ruskert & Jane Allen *Karen Klein* *Worn* in the *City* City Woman.

Seymour Awards for Magazine Illustrations: Gold John Martin *For Whom the Bell Tolls* *Financial Post* Magazine; Silver Roman Balch *The Spin Solution* *Toronto Life* *Parade*.

Kodak Canada Awards for Studio Photography: Gold Joseph Chou *Water* *Movie* *Queen* *Silver* *Michael Pilon* *Image* *Apex* *Toronto Life*.

BGM Awards for Photojournalism: Gold Nigel Deakin *In the Heart of Douglas Gough* *Saturday Night*; Silver John Reeves *John Barnes* *Lumière* *Parade* *Canadian* *Fiction* *Magazine*.

Allan B. Fleming-MacLennan Awards for Art Direction: Gold Derek Unger *The Economic Growth of Montreal* *Saturday Night*; Silver Gilles Dugrenel *No subject* *Deceit*.

Brown-Batten Awards for Magazine Covers: Gold Gilroy Sides & Russell Kerr *Portrait* by Betty Goodwin of Montreal *Vanguard*; Silver Joseph Chou & Georges Hachon *L'Église in les femmes* *Madame* *au* *Boyer*.

Foundation Directors' Awards to Magazines: *Calendar* of *Maria Alberta* *Art & Deceit*.



Automated jolly cultivating the rice paddies like a raised portrait

that is a curse of conditions that have become widespread under the new socialist management. The coastal city of Toamasina, the story said, once had two farms that produced enough duck and pork to supply the city, as well as ships in port. But since 1972, the two farms, "like the flame of a candle, have slowly gone out and now there is nothing there but overgrown grass." Even more ominous, however, is the fact that Madagascar, which used to export rice, last year had to import 160,000 tonnes. And there are new reports of severe food shortages in some of the more remote areas of the island.

World events have also had an impact. In 1976, the country's oil bill skyrocketed to soak up one of every four dollars the island spent abroad. In 1980 it went up again by \$100 million even though consumption went down; drought was responsible for a decrease in agricultural production and the economic world prices of coffee, cloves and vanilla—Madagascar's chief exports—brought less money to the state coffers,

while prices of imports kept escalating. As a result, the country is broke and has had to resort to the International Monetary Fund (IMF) for a bail-out loan of \$396 million (and real concern in government circles. "We know we are going to suffer, and suffer a lot," said one government official. "We cannot give the people all they want. The IMF tells us we are better off than most African countries, but try and tell that to the people. They say, 'Dance you!' They expect something better to happen each week, each month."

Around the economic plight comes growing public unrest. Last November, students and professors at the university in Antananarivo went out on strike with grievances caused mainly by dissatisfaction with a paucity of university education programs. As it went on, the strike became a focal point for grievances of opponents of the government on both the right and the left. Last December, Ratsiraka put veteran nationalist leader Norina Jony, one of his critics, under house arrest, thus providing the students with a hero. Tensions simmered and finally boiled over in February during two days of rioting which left six dead and 60 wounded. A death-to-death curfew was then imposed on Antananarivo and was just recently lifted.

Through it all, Ratsiraka defends his socialist policies with a deadline face. Dressed in a natty suit with stylish braces, a matching tie and baskie, he smokes a long, thick cigar that keeps coming out and admits to managing the west in government-run enterprises. He has promised to clean it up, but he blames external factors such as oil prices and inflation for Madagascar's troubles. Asked in a recent conversation on his office if he thought the striking students had legitimate gripe, he said: "Of course. I had grievances too when I was a student, but I didn't call for the head of state to leave or for [French President Charles] de Gaulle to stop doing it. It began with the students saying, 'We don't have enough to eat, we're in the tank in the morning,'" he explained.

"In an underdeveloped country! Then the professors say they are not paid enough, and if they don't know we are in an economic crisis. No, it's not a student strike," Ratsiraka said. "The people can do nothing against me if they don't have foreign help. The people of Madagascar believe in me. All I can tell you is that [the strike] is not a subversive movement organized by socialist countries. Ask the CIA and the Western security service."

Nepose has fears of CIA activities, Ratsiraka is seeking to better his relations with the U.S. and the West in general without damaging his close rela-

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COVER

Twitches from the elephant

As the National Energy Program takes hold, an ugly mood emerges in the U.S.



By Michael Posner

The name itself has no resonance. It is perfectly discreet, almost bland. So typically Canadian, one might say, so innocuous. Officially unveiled last October, the National Energy Program (NEP) might well have been the title to another government white paper, destined to join a dusty archive of similar texts. Ottawa is full of them, brave intentions much printed in the abstract, much ignored in practice. Instead, the NEP (as it is familiarly known) may just be the most revolutionary policy in Canadian history and the documents that articulate it the most controversial ever published. The ardent nationalists, it has become the bedrock of the nation's industrial strategy for the decade ahead, returning to Canadian control the critical resources sector of the economy. "Ottawa has a new life in its teeth," says Tom Kerraz, president of McLeod Young Ware Ltd. "The country will never be the same."

But forth legions of critics, including an increasing number in Washington

where two congressional panels exploded regulatory agencies last week, the NEP is a megapile folly, mortaring badly needed investment capital for the dubious principle of Canadianism. "The sort of the tragedy perpetrated has got to be recognized," laments Vancouver Petroleum President Earl Jevins of Calgary, Alta. "Three years from now it will be perceived as a national disaster."

Love it or loathe it, the National Energy Program is impossible to ignore. Even before its proposals have been framed into law, the NEP is having an explosive impact on Canada's oil and gas industry. Since January, both the government, through Petro-Canada, and the private sector, through purchases, have been engaged in a line of corporate bludgeoning (see chart). No fewer than nine foreign firms have been "petrified," among them Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas Co., the country's third-largest producer of natural gas, and Ekt Aquitaine, the fourth-largest holder of oil and gas concessions. In barely more

Canadian official Spindler (left) Minister D'Amato (right) talkatory ruminates

than six months, another four per cent of the industry has been Canadianized. The grand total now is almost 54 per cent. More take-overs are expected in the months ahead, one rumored target of late, British Petroleum. "I find it incredibly impressive," says Calgary oil analyst Wilf Gohart. "The whole entire petrochemical scene is blowing open."

It is no secret why foreigners are nervous to sell. Once NEP is legislated, only firms that are 50 per-cent Canadian-owned will be able to develop the so-called Canada Lands, including offshore and frontier acreages beneath which lie vast deposits of oil and gas. More importantly, oil companies charge the NEP will shakedown the old system of depletion allowances, replacing it with direct exploration subsidies. The greater the concentration of Canadian ownership, the higher the subsidy. The NEP currently charges other rivals of the game as well. It allows Petrocan to "hook in" to 85 per cent of all revenues derived from Crown land explorations,

Maclean's
MAY 1981

and it enables supply and service opportunities for Canadian firms that in the past have been overlooked.

All of this, in addition to an artificially depressed price of oil (a blended price of 38¢/U.S. barrel in Canada versus up to 54¢ in other barrels) has led to the take-overs. Drilling rigs are moving out of the country, exploration budgets have been slashed and some operations have been all but shut down. "The whole thing is just absurd," complains Gary Lane, chairman of Clares Petroleum, which is 50-per-cent Canadian-owned and produces oil solely in the Canadian border. After royalties and taxes, it receives \$34 a barrel from its North Dakota wells. Eighty kilometers to the north, in Saskatchewan, Clares's

Nuclear gas drilling in northern B.C.; Clares Service's Wood (left), Cosco's Schwartz installing the Crown Jewels



Canadian net back in B.C. royalties, with cooperation. "Here we are forced to move our cash flow north, and there we are making the Americans self-sufficient from Arab oil. It makes me mad."

Many foreign-owned firms that seem to face an unenviable choice either Canadianize their operations or sell out at what they regard as bargain prices. But not all the companies are packing up. Gulf Canada Resources Inc., for example (now 60-per-cent U.S.-owned), has contracted B.I. \$3 billion to develop its Bonaventure gas fields in the next decade. To meet Canadian content regulations, at one drilling site Gulf has "fanned out" 12.7 per cent of its potential stake to Toronto's Noran Energy Resources Ltd., in return, Noran will contribute nearly one-third of the exploration costs.

There is, of course, another option: pressure Ottawa into making changes in the law. The Trudeau government has already bowed to industry wishes on two significant points, but the likelihood of further concessions appears re-



American company to invest in Canada (Whittaker neglected to point out that, for the year ending March 30, PIRA had endorsed 481 applications—or more than 77 per cent.) And while defenders applauded PIRA's flexibility, its destruction of the U.S. complaint about its mysterious methods of determining

What would Mr. Sam say?

While debating how to invest the tidy \$2.3 billion (U.S.) that Seagrass Company Ltd. netted from the April, 1980, sale of Texas Petroleum Oil Co., chairman of the Board Edgar Broefman recently admitted he sometimes thought of what his father, Samuel, who took the company from a small Montreal operation to the world's largest producer and marketer of waste oil liquids, would do. Last week, the elder Broefman, whose financial acumen was surpassed only by his cheeky temper, would undoubtedly have been spelling odds Edg's attempt to buy Cosco Inc., the ninth-largest oil company in the U.S., was foiled by the giant E.I. du Pont de Nemours (Du Pont). After Cosco made it, shoddily clear that the company had no wish to be bought, part of Edg's Broefman's resignation, Du Pont came to its senses with an offer of \$6.02 billion for 100 per cent of Cosco's stock. If the United States justice department and the Federal Trade Commission approve the sale, the Du Pont-Cosco union will be the biggest corporate merger in history and will create the seventh-largest conglomerate in the United States.

It was the second time in less than a year that a Seagrass take-over bid had been publicly scorned. Last March Fluor Corp., a California-based multinational contractor in oil, gas and steel, lost Joe Minerals Company from Toronto's major group. Before the rescue, St. Joe's chairman, John Duncan, had threatened to liquidate the corporation rather than sell to Seagrass.

who meets its vague objectives. "People complain about it daily," says Ed Mason, deputy assistant secretary for State's office of international energy policy. "We're aware of some of investors who never bother to apply. Smaller firms recognize that it's not in their interests. Others never really know who they're being targeted against." Washington's principal gripe is that while Ottawa is busy impeding foreign investment and proposing to strengthen the agency's mandate, the U.S. courts favorably review in fact Canadian and other foreigner get a considerable break under U.S. securities law, since they are able to margin 100 per cent of the purchase price of their U.S. investments. The maximum an American can borrow is 50 per cent. In effect, Canadians bidding for U.S. enterprises are encouraged from a reverse take-over bid, PIRA would simply disallow any U.S. attempt that succeeded.

In the beginning, there was concern. The state department issued some carefully worded protests (and some less carefully worded protests) that were subsequently, and with some embarrassment, withdrawn. The NEP State



Canada's Tows: an unacceptable level!

claimed was discriminatory. It violated commitments Canada had given to the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD)—a pledge to abide by the code of national treatment, dealing with investments from other countries in the same way as do-

les brother was a bootmaker," noted Duncan. Even today, with its old-fashioned governmental methods and the high degree of personal control exerted by the Broefman family, Seagrass represents a vivid contrast to the better-

Broefman still on the acquisition trail



ness investments. The NEP would give blatant preference to Canadian. Civilian countries didn't believe this way. Perhaps, Washington said, the NEP was a precedent for similar measures to protect other Canadian industries. Perhaps, it said, other nations would like the Canadian steel and more against U.S. interests. "We understand your goals," one state department official intoned last week. "Our problem is the means you've chosen to achieve those goals."

Ottawa moved marginally, but never wavered on the principle. Washington would have to understand the special circumstances of foreign ownership in Canada. In the oil and gas sector, 17 of the 50 largest producers were controlled by foreigners. As Canada's ambassador to the U.S., Peter Tows, last week in a speech to the Gutzmer Roundtable. "This is a degree of foreign participation that would surely be accepted—indeed simply not tolerated—in most of the industrialized nations, including the United States." And as it went, Washington complained, Ottawa explained "We

know world of professional managers with complex organizations and decision-making charts. No doubt the difference between Cosco and Seagrass were in part matters of personal style," says business columnist Jack Egan. "When you think of Seagrass you think immediately of Edgar Broefman. Who do you think of when you think of Du Pont? It's families." Adds New York market analyst John Henry: "There's no denying Seagrass has a different type of management philosophy. Most corporations feel threatened when there's just a small group of individuals in control."

Arriving back from a European trip on the way day the Du Pont offer became public, Edgar Broefman refused comment on his company's next move, and still on remaining phone calls that no one on Wall Street expects the Cosco refusal to discourage Seagrass from another take-over bid. Seagrass has a war chest of almost \$3 billion, and Broefman augmented a \$3-billion line of credit with the banks to supplement that. "Perhaps they'll try a slightly smaller company next time," said New York financial specialist Arthur Brenner. "That would give them a better chance of success." Brenner suggested that Seagrass might turn from energy stock to a consumer goods corporation where their marketing expertise could be put to use. "After all," he observed, "they ought to have learned by now that gas and alcohol don't mix."

—RITA CHRISTOPHER

harrowing 300 per cent of their capital requirements. D'Araujo's colleague, Republican Senator Nancy Kassebaum of Kansas, had offered a second bill, placing a nine-month moratorium on Chinese investments in the American energy industry. "I have no sense this situation might improve through diplomatic efforts," D'Araujo said. "We might be forced to take action, to signal that we will not continue to see our interests jeopardized for nothing more than national pride and hysteria."

The congressional initiative confronted the Reagan administration



Another ship modified before being shipped from Canada to the Aphelion coast

Tale of the take-over: acquisitions since NIP was introduced

Canadian Buyer	Purchase Date	Price	Oil Production	Oil Production	Assets Held (mil)
Imperial Oil	June 9, 1981	\$1.76 billion	259 mcm/d	42,527 bbl	22,803,000
Canada Development Corp.	June 26, 1981	\$1.2 billion	1.7 mcm/d	21,000 bbl	15,400,000
Imperial Ltd.	April 5, 1981	\$560 million	34 mcm/d	5,254 bbl	439,400
Midland Exploration Ltd.	May 1, 1981	\$62.4 million	10 mcm/d	1,600 bbl	230,000
Holly Oil Ltd.	June 15, 1981	\$277 million	17 mcm/d	3,130 bbl	260,000
Granville Petroleum Ltd.	June 17, 1981	\$130 million	4.2 mcm/d	1,200 bbl	67,200
Imperial Petroleum	May 12, 1981	\$1.66 billion	2.8 mcm/d	2,000 bbl	2,990,000

Source: Data of parent company. mcm/d = million of cubic feet per day. bbl = barrels per day.

with a delicate political problem. On the one hand, no aroused Congress is an efficient tool, useful for threatening an opponent. On the other hand, there is a terrible inertia to the congressional grid, and once the animal actually starts to move it can be difficult to stop. No less than five Reagan officials appeared before various committees last week, and all were barely aware of the dilemma. As a warning to Ottawa, American concern, the D'Araujo-Kassebaum proposals (and a similar bill in the House of Representatives) might be very effective. But, as Treasury Undersecretary Beryl Sprinkel noted, "We don't believe that violating the rules of foreign investment in the United States is the answer. Such action would undermine our basic policy, which is to promote free markets, and would result in a loss of substantial benefits." Or as State's Edward Morse put it, "Canadians are cheating themselves in the foot. Why should we follow them?"

But while some responses—the moratorium and perhaps even the margin requirement amendment—will be ruled out as contravening the administration's free-trade edicts, other restrictive measures may be taken. The new law now under review by the Finance Department would double Canada's non-

renewable country under the 1980 Mineral Leasing Act. Canadian firms are now exempt from the act, able to explore for oil and gas on federally owned U.S. lands because the Canadian government accords the same rights to American companies. When NIP becomes law, some Americans are saying, the rights of U.S. firms will be sharply abridged, justifying similar treatment to donors of Canadian firms actually drilling for petroleum in the U.S.

A second option, says analyst Neil Wonder of International Energy Associates in Washington, is for Washington to sue for the costs of 387 U.S. start-up drilling at home. When enough oil funds projects are shelved (Imperial last week announced it was shelving the \$12-billion Cold Lake project) and enough drilling rigs have left the country and private investment fails to take over American subsidiaries—perhaps then, Wonder argues, the U.S. will be able to make diplomatic progress.

There are a range of other possibilities the U.S. might, for example, restrict the capital on which Canada depends for debt financing. That suggestion was made last week by Sen. Schwartz, the Cosmos vice-president

who within a span of 60 days saw Edison's Bay Oil and Gas seized by an gang of "predatory Canadians," and Cosmos itself forced to merge with the first mainly to end the Canadian ambivalence of a second gang, Senators Schwartz is not a happy soul. Along similar lines, the Reagan administration might make it more difficult to finance the retrofitted 400-billim-pole Alaska Pipeline. A more likely scenario, assuming Ottawa's refusal to bend further, envisions a trade-related rebuttal, perhaps involving the auto pact.

Some Canadian firms are already feeling indirect pressure from the non-NIP conflict. Toronto's Rogers Cable-system Inc. saw revenues near \$90,000 American households and hopes to service one million more when its recent take-over of United Artists-Columbia is approved by the Federal Communications Commission. "If that's hurting as down there," admits Rogers Senior Vice-President Phil Lind, "be the perception that there's blatant discrimination going on in Canada." At an example cable hearing last week in Florida, one applicant complained bitterly about Canada's refusal to "let us play up there." Ironically, the complainant was half-owned by Telford Broadcasting, a

American dissent means dissonance

Pierre Trudeau's preparations for his meeting with President Ronald Reagan at the White House last week included a sampling of George Elder's *Wealth & Poverty*, the new gospel of Reaganism on the economy. The president had not, apparently, done the same kind of homework on a dossier close to Trudeau's heart: the proposal that the richest nations of the globe demand ways to share their money and power with the poorer. Trudeau wanted to make the so-called North-South issue the focal point of the Ottawa summit that starts in Montebello, Que., next Monday. But one day before the meeting, Reagan demurred from either a look of preparedness or a pre-arranged plan to avoid the matter. The White House refused to endorse Trudeau's scheme—as Japan, France, Australia, and several European nations have done in recent days.

After two hours of talks between Trudeau, Reagan and their advisers, a senior White House official revealed that the U.S. administration was more details before it agrees to global negotiations at the United Nations on issues ranging from loans for energy exploration in poor countries to sharing the potentially lucrative take from under-sea mining with landlocked states. Surprisingly, a senior U.S. administration official conceded that the White House is still struggling to come to terms with definitions. Global negotiations are a concept "to which Americans are not accustomed," he explained. "This is really a complex subject. There is no generally accepted definition of North-South or global negotiations."

The confusion about terminology serves as a cryptic in the Trudeau discouragement. A Canadian official told reporters that the Americans are the only nation participants who profess uncon-



Trudeau and Reagan at the White House

cern about the meaning of global talks. "Clearly," he added, "the United States has not been as forthright in its support of this particular technique."

Reagan's Margaret Thatcher shares Reagan's view that free enterprise, not big government, should be leading the efforts to restore economic balance in depressed parts of the globe. West Germany's Helmut Schmidt also has his doubts, but the other summit participants—Japan, France, Italy and the European Community—side with Trudeau. Japan's Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki, for example, concedes that Reagan's emphasis on East-West relations—meeting Soviet opposition with military might—is essential to stability. But he cautions that "instability" brought about by poverty in the Third World will eventually lead to disorder. The European Community last week declared that planning for global negotiations should begin "as soon as possible."

The French were the most pointed of all in expressing their fears about failure at the summit. "If for Americans this is a marginal subject," said Foreign

Minister Claude Cheysson, "We shall have difficulty."

The North-South split is only one of several divisions that mark the start of possibly the most contentious summit since the meetings began in 1970. As long as Trudeau also wants to prevent a hang-up on Reagan over U.S. monetary policies that have driven markets reeling in Europe and Canada to coordinating levels. During an interview with seven journalists from seven nations in Ottawa last week, the PM stated, "I'm not going to give President Reagan a great argument that what he is doing should stop." But he added diplomatically, "What we will have to accept is that we do not operate in a vacuum." Trudeau also hoped to head off an attack as Japan by European nations concerned about Japanese imports. While acknowledging that competition from Japan has been forcing plant designs abroad, he told the Japanese interviewers, "What should we tell you not to be good?"

It seemed entirely in keeping with the theme of conflict that the stress by technicians named summit organizers to check plans for pooled television coverage of certain events such as the landings by leaders on Sunday. Privately, officials admitted that GPO supervisory staff rolled in from the machine could not staff all the broadcast facilities. As the weight of the agenda grew, a routine conference table was to be moved in sections from Ottawa to Châteaufort-Montebello for assembly this week—complete with cordoned buses to control the release on television demand. More revealingly, Trudeau was leaning toward keeping the summitaries in place for an extra morning, to include the chance that they can emerge in Ottawa next Tuesday to tell a waiting world that the state of their affairs is not as grim as it seems.

—BRIAN LEWIS

Summary forecast—how the seven are faring

	INFLATION		UNEMPLOYMENT		AID CONTRIBUTIONS (as a per cent of GNP in billions)	
	1982	1979	1980	1979	1980	1979
Japan	12.4	10.8	6.3	5.9	0.62	0.64
West Germany	5.5	4.1	3.3	3.3	0.42	0.35
United Kingdom	10.1	9.1	7.5	7.4	0.42	0.36
France	10.8	12.6	6.3	6.1	0.34	0.32
Italy	9.0	3.6	7.0	2.1	0.32	0.26
United States	13.5	11.5	7.6	5.7	0.37	0.20
Belgium	21.2	14.8	7.4	7.5	0.37	0.20

firm with a 25-per-cent stake in the new \$120-million Canada's Wonderland theme park north of Toronto.

Indeed, while some Americans remain remarkably ignorant of the history that produced the National Energy Program, they are quick to voice concern that too many westerners of the U.S. economy are falling under foreign control. Since the mid-70s, there have been periodic waves of xenophobia, beginning with the fear that Japanese were acquiring great chunks of the American Midwest and the Arabs were buying Manhattan. Now, Canadians have been targeted, although recent congressional riders that direct foreign investment in oil and gas to be handled by U.S. companies to no more than two per cent. The central questions now are how Ronald Reagan will respond to the mounting pressure he is feeling from the corporate sector and Capitol Hill and what impact any action would have on the broader agenda of Canadian-American relations. The president raised the energy and investment issues with Pierre Trudeau during the prime minister's first summit in Washington last week (see p. 16) but not with much force. He evidently was not able to get much help from under the congressional bulldozer by offering such economists as clever political strategists. But some ad-



Alexander D. Robinson: see state politics

ministrators believe the president's optimism are limited. Enthusiasm and idealism, especially, he seems committed to putting along with Canada. Retaliatory actions, even those initiated elsewhere, will severely advance the almost romantic goals he has expressed.

Yet there is an emerging consensus in Washington that the relationship between the two nations is a tenuous one, and it is not at all clear whether it can remain so safely. Govern-

ments, says George Washington University economist Robert Dore, begin their lives with a certain amount of goodwill. "That's their political capital that you choose to spend it on in your business, but when it's gone, it's gone, and it can't be replaced. Maybe the Trudeau government will decide that it has been well spent, but its political capital has been spent."

Others are less pessimistic, suggesting that Trudeau and Lalonde must begin a sobering job to persuade Congress and senior administration officials that the NDP is a serious shot, but that with this narrow slice of the rules of the game are being permanently changed. No other solutions are in sight. The Reagan administration is committed to its course, the Trudeau government to its. "The more they push," says Lalonde, "the firmer we will be." "Where is Canada going?" asks the state department.

And it is not clear how to blow the whistle. "The law of physics must be that when two objects move at high speed toward each other along a straight path they collide. The more to date has been from spectators observing the inevitable. They may not have long to wait for the collision itself."

With *New York* from Dan Anderson, David Condon, Gordon Lege and Anthony Whitcomb.

Right lady for the job?

Merriam, Judge Sandra O'Connor told a young couple recently, "As far as the foundation of mankind is concerned, the hope of the world and the strength of our country." Such sentiments might have been expected to earn the speaker the instant endorsement of Middle America, if not of the Moral Majority, yet President Ronald Reagan's choice last week of the 51-year-old Arizona judge from Phoenix, Ariz., as the first woman to sit on the Supreme Court in its 201 years, seemed likely to prove a thoroughly controversial choice among conservatives, while pleasing liberals.



O'Connor: good conservative choice

Politically, it would seem hard to justify either nomination. If O'Connor is not of the extreme right, she is certainly solidly conservative and likely to swing the Supreme Court further to the right. "The problem would seem to be her voting record—while a member of the Arizona Senate and the state's Appellate Court—on the highly controversial subjects of abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA). Because of the twists and turns of politics she seems to have been on both sides of both issues, including North Carolina's Senator Jesse Helms, self-appointed guardian of the purity of Reagan appointees' conserva-

tive credentials, to indicate that week that he might lead a Senate fight against the nomination. The president, Helms averred, "may have been misled about O'Connor's background, either by his own people or the lady herself." On the other side, Arizona's Moral Majority, a Democratic congressional, hailed the choice as a piece of "marvellous court politics" by Reagan's part. No group had been more distrustful of the president, said Udall. "This just cuts the ground out from under them."

Obviously she comes of good conservative stock. She was raised in the hard desert country along the Arizona-Mexico border as a rancher's granddaughter bought from the American 101 years ago. She has also flourished in that traditionally conservative profession, the law, graduating third in her class at Stanford University, working as a lawyer and with her husband's law firm as well as raising three sons. In these respects, at least, she can be said to have protected the virtues she will in all probability soon be able to preach from the highest bench in the land.

—WILLIAM LEWIS

WORLD

Verdict written in violence

Riots by the poor and unemployed create infernos in major British cities

By Carol Kennedy

Liverpool was always a tough, brewing city—even at the height of its mercantile pride as Britain's second seaport and its "Swinging Sixties" fame as the home of the Beatles and the Mersey Beat. But the days when four working-class youths could come out of a sandy basement club and take the world by storm must seem a lost world to today's young Liverpudlians, among whom unemployment runs an average 40 per cent—41 per cent if they happen to be black.

The agonist memory of the Beatles finally died last week as the local youth, black and white, erupted in an orgy of gasoline bombs, looting and vicious attacks that left 260 people injured, one spared through the helmet by a spiked iron railing in reply. For the first time in mainland Britain, the looting resorted to tear gas in scenes reminiscent of Ulster street battles. But even so the looted shopkeepers of the port's slum-



Non-despatched street in Turkish section of Liverpool: a frenzy that spread

ers' hand racks and vans were hijacked and used as mobile bomb throwers. Motorcyclists, masked into style, were seen directing the bomb-throwers, some of them children under 10. But at week's end, no political statement in the riots had been confirmed, though the "kashmiris"—shaven-headed youths—who sparked off the week's events by a racial clash with Asians in the West London suburb of Southall, are often associated with the far-right-style National Front, which was reported to be launching a "White Nationalist Crusade" July 24 at London's Smithfield market. Some militant leftists, too, were present in Liverpool and Manchester, distributing anti-government leaflets and holding street corner meetings at the height of the rioting.

One activist from London's Brixton, scene of a bitter battle between police and blacks in April, and she had been invited to speak by local Young Socialists who "wanted to channel the energies of the youth in the area against the Tories."

The one thing that seemed clear, al-

though the racial component varied from place to place, was that the riots were not primarily fired by race hatred. Home Secretary William Whitlaw is known to be worried about the result of a government-commissioned survey into racial attitudes, and right-wing MP Kenneth Powell, who once warned of "vermin of blood" in Britain's streets, has been ordered to leave the country. But the rioters' anger was carried, took the opportunity last week to play the racial card yet again. But most commentators found it more plausible that burning shops and bloodied police were the verdict of the underside of British society on conservative policies that best hit hardest on the poor.

It was, said former Peter Jenkins noted in *The Guardian*, a "multiracial explosion, a poor people's riot," while former Tory prime minister Edward Heath, scathingly said his government "if you have had a million young people hanging round on the streets all day, you will have a massive increase in juvenile crime." Heath, now a back-bench MP, was referring to the estimated 500,000 who will leave school this month.



Thatcher and Heath: a harried visit

London's Tottenham district survived their barely-out riots after three nights of violence, the frenzy ripped across other cities: the Wood Green area of North London and, more seriously, Manchester's heavily ethnic Moss Side, where a riotous mob of 1,000 stormed the police station, gas bombs set shops blazing and a police inspector was wounded by a bolt fired from a crouching Saeed Manchester's Chief Constable James Anderson. "This was not crime, it was a form of guerrilla warfare."

Anderson claimed to feel a temporary lull behind the week of anarchy, saying London's streets were being cleared the way to Moss Side, messages about "The Troubles" were passed on citi-



Manchester's Moss Side district in flames: not crime, but guerrilla warfare

without hope of a job, boasting Butala's workless total to more than three million. Again, as if to answer Margaret Thatcher's angry comment that there were poor societies elsewhere that would not "sink so low" as the arson and looting in Merseyside, the Northern Echo newspaper, in Darlington (189 km from Manchester), looked back to the poorer society of 50 years ago and noted that now "there is more to boast and less to soblet anxiously." But boasting that "drives kids onto the street, urbane decay in the main cities and the breakdown of family and school discipline, coupled with all the unsustainable goodies of a consumer society, make a potent mixture for disaster," it said.

One Guardian reader remarked in a letter to the paper that perhaps the government should "ask itself what the nation is 'worth' have to lose." But the government seemed inclined to do no such thing. Instead, Thatcher went on TV to hammer the law-and-order theme, railing on parents and teachers to reinforce the peace. Violence would "destroy everything we value," she claimed, and it would be both wrong and unnecessary to take "the easy way" of pumping more public money into job creation. Indeed, the only government answer seemed to be repression. After a hurried visit to some of the riotous areas, Whitelaw announced legislative plans to make parents liable for fines incurred by children under 17. The cabinet is also considering reintroducing the Riot Act, repealed in 1867, which would automatically lead to arrest and conviction of anyone left in the area after the reading of a formal proclamation.

But it is doubtful how much effect this doctrine will have in the apparently lawless areas. Many parents would have been among the middle-aged housewives who, in a parody of British social discipline, quietly exclude looting shops in Liverpool to take their turn in what the Daily Mirror called a "game of ruled grid." One small boy told a Times reporter in Moss Side: "My mum asked me to get her a wall clock. I didn't. I got her some rings, but I lost them when I fell."

At week's end an ominous economic report by the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development forecast that by the end of 1982 Britain would have the lowest growth rate among industrialized countries, the highest unemployment and a jobless rate among the young of more than 38 per cent. Right or no, the fresh rioting erupted in London, Birmingham and Liverpool and spread to a dozen towns as well. Margaret Thatcher's lost provinces—especially those with black skins—may already have seen the future and decided it doesn't work. ☐

Uganda

Sinister reminder of things present

Ugandans were treated to an annual courtroom drama last week as 57-year-old Bob Astles, the British-born headman of former detainer Idi Amin, was arraigned in a Kampala court, charged with the murder of a fellowman in May, 1977. For Astles, bagged and unkempt after two years in the notorious Luwero jail, the role was a dramatic reversal from his days as the monstrous grin of three successive Ugandan rulers—not only Amin but also Prime Minister Milton Obote and King Edward Muteba before him. For Ugandans, however, the steady figure of Astles, who was committed for trial on the charge, was a reminder, albeit unnecessary, of the legacy of upheaval bequeathed by Amin to their na-

tive of 30,000 Tutsian soldiers, who have kept an uneasy peace since the war of liberation in 1979, are due to withdraw this month, leaving only 1,000 to guard senior Ugandan government officials.

But while Obote's many opponents have contributed to the confusion, the prime source of instability is the Ugandan Liberation Army, which is in three strains—its ranks thinned by desertions, its morale undermanned by low pay (it provides the equivalent of \$12 a month). Three weeks ago, discipline collapsed completely in Amin's home province of West Nile, an area where the local tribes have sought to drive out the Acholi and the Luoga-dominated army. Fed up because they had not received pay or food rations for several weeks, 2,000 troops mutinied and marched into the town of Arua, driving out the terrified population and looting shops and houses. Four days later they attacked the Catholic mission at Omukhi, where 7,000 civilians had taken refuge. They claimed that Amin's soldiers—who have controlled part of the



Astles under arrest in 1976, Obote (right), and massive anti-empire disorder

tion and which still bedevils President Milton Obote.

When Obote returned in June, 1980, from nine years' exile in Tanzania to lead his Uganda People's Congress—which swept to power with 72 of 126 seats in an election six months before—he pledged a government of reconciliation and national unity. Since then, however, his bold promise has disappeared in the face of bitter political and tribal rivalries. Angry because they believe the election was rigged in Obote's favor, no less than five political groups are committed to his violent overthrow. At the same time, the southwestern province of Karamoja, where 30,000 people died from famine last year, is plagued by banditry and cattle-raiding, which will lead to further food shortages this year. Adding to that, the last



ANNOUNCING

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ingees were Anis was expelled—were in the mission, and it is true that even wounded soldiers had been treated by the Red Cross. But 300 people, including many women and children, were killed by the army in the indiscriminate shelling that followed.

Perhaps inevitably, Ghose has reacted to the disaster with a wave of political regression. Five sits from the main opposition Democratic Party are behind him on money charges of association with terrorism. Five newspapers were recently closed. The student council at Bangor's Malvern University, which supported the opposition, has been suspended. And the intelligence services are back at work—interceptions at the Nile mansion, an expert black of flats built by Anis for the Organisation of African Unity secretariat, have triggered a dratted revelation.

Paul Shengulavsky, head of the Democratic Party, has described the measures as a "calculated policy of intimidation." And one of the first casualties of the political backlash could be Ghose's own budget. Even his own admittance that the budget was a bold gamble instead of muckraking his long-suffering people against rising costs, Ghose devalued the Ugandan shilling by an astonishing 1,000 per cent, which set off a savage burst of inflation that made a mockery of official prices and salaries. Designed to reorganise the economy, restore some order to the shilling and do away with mafioso (the black market), the budget was phantasm from Western economists—the International Monetary Fund promptly announced a \$100-million loan that it may never repay whatever support returns for them among ordinary Ugandans. Many aid officials feel that the answer to Uganda's current needs as a measure of aid but that, they agree, is probably impossible until peace is restored. The question is whether Ghose is the man to restore it, or whether he will become a victim of Uganda's turbulence for the second time.

—IAN GUSTY

Soviet Union

Cold shoulder from the Kremlin

It was a two-stage conference that British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington proposed to his Soviet host last week in a bid to end their occupation of Afghanistan. And it drew a two-staged response from Moscow: a soft-sounding rebuff followed by what appeared to be a definite reject.

The peace plan, backed by all 30 members of the European Community (EC), was announced as "not realistic" when Ed-



Gromyko (left) and Carrington: eyes

warded Gromyko handed it to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. But Gromyko's brush-off, said by Soviet standards, did not indicate hopes in EC circles that Moscow might not beaverse to hearing further suggestions on how to extricate itself gracefully from a corner that has cost it dearly over the past 18 months.

Yet as Carrington and his nine EC counterparts prepared later in the week to tinker with the original plan to make it more palatable to the Soviets—"There is room for measures" Carrington assured members in Strasbourg—the final Soviet verdict fell. In a talk with Habib Mangal, the Afghan envoy to Moscow, Gromyko declared flatly that the European initiative was "unacceptable." The Soviet answer agreed that then hastened to explain the plan was not acceptable. Carrington "overstated the examination of questions related to Afghanistan without the participation of representatives of the Afghan government."

To Soviet eyes this intent was the unacceptable move. Under the British initiative, the formula for the phased withdrawal of 35,000 Soviet troops from Afghanistan, a first step in talks would involve only extending the five permanent members of the UN Security Council (the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France and China) together with newly Pakistan, Iran and India.

It would not be until these nations resolved the prickly problem of "external intervention" in Afghanistan that the Afghan themselves would be brought in—ask only representatives of the Soviet-installed regime of Babrak Karmal but the guerrilla forces as well. According to Western observers in Moscow, however, Carrington's insistence on bringing Afghan insurgents to the negotiating table made the plan even harder for the Soviets to swallow.

At week's end, the fate of the EC initiative remained unclear. Carrington

and his fellow ministers planned to gather in Brussels this week to decide how to respond to the Soviet rebuff while the British minister was due to fly to Washington on Friday to discuss his Moscow trip with Secretary of State Alexander Haig.

What seemed sure, however, was that Carrington was unlikely to drop the matter while waiting to confer with Gromyko again at their scheduled meeting in September at the United Nations. A fast move, the peace is said to have given himself six months to coax Moscow to the bargaining table. If he couples such haste with his legendary tenacity—Carrington likes to say it was his "pugnaciousness" alone that accounted for his triumph at the Zanzibar independence talks in London two years ago—the combination could prove irresistible.

—FRANK LUTSEN

Israel

The price of a holy alliance

If their general election divided Israelis along ethnic lines—the Oriental Jews voting for Menachem Begin's Likud party (October 3, July 33) and the westerners for Shimon Peres's Labor—last week's coalition-building was splitting them into religious and secular camps. In his rush to form a government after the tightest of finishes, Begin was ready to pay almost any price demanded by the religious parties, leading secular Israelis to jibe that they would soon be forbidden to have sex for more than two weeks in the month, as the letter of Jewish law insists.

By week's end, however, his efforts had cooled him to announce that three



Sharon's wide mouth of bitter enemies



Peacebuilders (from left) Yosef Shapiro, Shimon Peres, Menachem Begin

parties—the National Religious Party (1989), Amichai Levan and Yitzchak Mordechai—agreed to principles to join forces with Likud. With the final count giving Begin's Likud 48 seats in the 120-member

Knesset to 47 for Labor, the three religious parties' total of 33 seats promised to give Begin a narrow margin of two over all other groups, though he could also depend on the extreme na-

tionalist Tachniti party, which won three seats in a confidence vote.

Aside from consensus to religious interests, the chief prize Likud—and the Middle East—may have to pay for such a narrow victory will probably be the appointment of the hawkish, openly neo-conservative Ariel Sharon as defense minister. Sharon is convinced that Jews have a duty to settle the entire occupied bank of Israel east of the Jordan, arguing that Palestinian countermeasures be as brutal as they build their new state in place of the present kingdom of Jordan east of the river. An old comrade in arms and policy rival, Ariel Weizmann, wrote of Sharon in his recent memoirs: "Bending through life, he tends to leave behind him a wide swath of bitter enemies, disaffected sympathizers and fervent adversaries. But political life has different values than military life." Sharon has lost sight of the distinction between his own personal good and the good of the state.

—BRIAN SALVENDY

On a wing and a sunbeam

The Niagara Falls, the English Channel has inspired a variety of unconventional boats. Since Captain Matthew Webb first swam across in 1875 and was unceremoniously by his likeness as a brand of watches, leucostoma has not flagged. Two years ago, six British paratroopers crossed by parachute, bobbing out over Dover Castle and rising a 30-foot steel in land in France. A physical education instructor sprung by hang glider last year, and another crossing was successfully made by "wet lads," a machine resembling a motorcycle on skis.

Last week, a 30-year-old American, Stephen Patrick, added yet another triumph, a technical one this time, to the list. Rising in a rocket boat from venge whose top surfaces were raised with solar cells led by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—in all there were 16,000 on wings and tail plane—he piloted his Solar Challenger from Carlsbad to Venice, near Paris, to Moscow in Kent, taking the Channel in 26 days, at a speed, and covering 388 km in 5 1/2 hours.

The crossing, at a cruising height of 2,600 metres, was the third major achievement for a California design team led by Dr. Paul MacCreedy. In 1977 they won \$115,000 for the first sun-powered, controlled flight using only a solar panel power in the cockpit (the same team, two years later, 26-year-old Californian professional cyclist Bryan Allen pedaled across the Channel at 25 rpm in the equally equally named Cosmo 4, a first ap-



Solar Challenger above France, and pilot Patrick: nearly upstaged in mid-air

paratus with a 20-metre wingspan, which very nearly didn't make it due to turbulence close to the sea's surface.

It was as a result of turbulence of another kind that Patrick nearly came to grief. After waiting a month for the right weather and calmest sea conditions) attempts to take off on the day,

the 30-kg plane, made of lightweight plastic, was nearly upstaged in mid-air by the death from the blades of a French helicopter fired by an over-moon over the sea. Said Patrick: "The night after, there was going to break up."

There was another hitch, this time on shore, when Solar Challenger was forced to circle for nearly 30 minutes over the former Battle of Britain airport while an immigration official was found to process MacCreedy, who had headed earlier in a conventional aircraft. But in the end, Patrick piloted his change to a safe landing and into the record books, while Britain's media brought out their specialist writers to postulate about the flight's significance. There was little to postulate about. As the London Times concluded, the world aerospace industry does not discount solar power as a form of propulsion, but it is unlikely to be in use before the middle of the next century when planes will probably use it to cruise at high altitude, reserving conventional engines for takeoff and landing.

—IAN MATHIAS

'Red' Bishop counterattacks

Preparations about the outcome of Saturday's quadrilateral—Canada, Mexico, the U.S., Venezuela—conference on the Caribbean were less than optimistic. He said with three was a dinner, most about it was. But U.S. would listen at Washington. The 30 means declared both, on the chance fell on Nassau, Bahamas. Then there was the agenda. A senior U.S. diplomat described the conference as "a quartet with the four nations signed four different parts. In fact, the four nations were viewed for the 30 and Venezuela on the one hand and the U.S. on the other, with the U.S. focusing on security, not on providing aid—or even a nod at a projected follow-up."



Bishop meeting then-prime minister Joe Clark in Ottawa in 1979, recalled by U.S.

we ourselves as building a national economy on four main pillars: agriculture, agro-industry, tourism and fisheries. Later on, we'll see that there's going to be a state sector, which will compete with the private sector for profits. There will also be a people's co-operative sector and there will continue to be a private sector, local and foreign. All these sectors are vital.

Maclean's: The U.S. seems very uncomfortable with the fact that Cuba is helping to build your new international airport at Point Salinas, why is it doing so?

Bishop: We approached every single one of our traditional donors and friends. The very first country that I approached was the United States, through (then) Ambassador Frank Ortiz, and his reaction was not only to laugh but to offer Grenada \$5,000. He said "I can give you that right out of the money I have in Barbados. But outside that we don't get into bilateral aid to countries like Grenada."

Maclean's: What did he mean by "covertive like Grenada"? **Bishop:** It was clearly a political statement, because of our independent stance—unfriendly and in foreign affairs matters. We also spoke to the Canadians, the Canadian government had agreed to finance another study on the airport project. We pointed out that there had been fear, the first in 1975, and that we'd gone past that stage. We approached the Cubans in 1979 at the Non-Aligned conference (in Havana). They indicated that they were not able to build an airport for us, but they could send an equipment, skilled workers and

concrete and steel. That was the basic offer and we readily accepted. Since then we've gotten assistance from the Venezuelans and from our friends in the Arab world from Iraq, Syria, Algeria, Libya, for example. We've also gotten assistance from one or two countries right here in the Caribbean. In other words, what we have going is a truly international project. A major part of the airport-building operation job is being done by a United States company based in Miami.

Maclean's: What about the charges that the airport is excessively large for civil use and may be used as a Soviet staging post?

Bishop: The Americans themselves knew this to be untrue. They knew that without this airport the country's economy cannot go forward, that we cannot hope to build tourism seriously if we have to keep relying on Barbados to receive tourists in transit. It's no different to get here that if people come at all it has to be an act of love.

Maclean's: Would you go to see relations with the U.S. improve?

Bishop: We want the best possible relations. We have more people living there than in Grenada itself, more tourists from America come to Grenada every year than the entire population of our country, we have thousands of these people living here as students and permanent residents. The problem has always been, however, that the U.S. continues to believe that it has a right to tell small, poor countries like ours what we must do in our own country, and to dictate to us what we must allow these big companies to do by way of exploiting our resources, who by most be friendly with and who we must not be friendly with. We cannot accept that. ☐

The fix was in, the die is cast

As charges spun off the international uranium cartel, Canada's role darkened

By Ian Anderson

It may have slipped from his mouth before he realized what he was saying. Clearly frustrated by Conservative taunting in the House of Commons over his government's role in the international uranium price-fixing cartel, Pierre Trudeau admitted that "everyone knows" international price do affect domestic prices. "I mean there is nothing new in that." But there was everything new in that statement. For the first time Trudeau admitted the cartel his government secretly organized in 1972 to "stabilize" world uranium prices had forced price hikes at home, affecting in particular that most Tory-blue of electricity producers, Ontario Hydro. And in further recognition



Elliot Lake (above), uranium mining (below) and Bertrand's in-substant anti-unionism. In any event, except for that exaggerated demand could still be heard ringing



of that fact, the government's new cooperative law proposals would have authorized just that kind of cartel unless it had been authorized by Parliament, not simply by the shadow cabinet or order that led to the two-nation uranium "deal."

The federal government last week unhappily indicated four private Canadian mining companies and two Crown corporations for conspiring to fix uranium prices in Canada. Cited as co-conspirators but not indicted were two former top civil servants: John Rensselaire, longtime special assistant adviser to the "Crested, Prince, Australia, the United Kingdom and South Africa.

(Gordon Miller Ltd. Gulf Minerals Canada Ltd. is wholly owned subsidiary of Gulf Corp.) Rio Algom Ltd. (Prestco Canada Ltd.) are privately owned, and Richardson Vickers Ltd. and Uranium Canada Ltd. both Crown corporations.

energy department, and Gordon MacNabb, former assistant deputy minister of energy. The charges arose from a four-year investigation, over which the government could exercise no control, carried out by Robert Bertrand, head of the bureau of competition policy until he was removed in May. In effect, an arm of the government was investigating another arm's private arrangements with industry. But any complete understanding of those arrangements was clouded by Bertrand's inability to examine relevant minutes relating to cartel discussions. The minutes is further clouded by Justice Minister Jean Charest's refusal to release the Bertrand report or even to comment as to whether Bertrand named such politicians as the energy minister of the time, Donald Macdonald, or the department's deputy minister, Jack Austin, now a Liberal senator. The vagueness of the govern-

ment's defence had opponents parties smelling a Watlington-style scandal. Few in government wanted the byzantine case to move this far forward. The U.S. state department had tried unsuccessfully to squish an anti-trust investigation by the U.S. justice department in 1977. When the U.S. courts subpoenaed Canadian companies to testify, Ottawa immediately invoked an unprecedented in-personing gag order on all information relating to the cartel—so under the Conservative government upheld in 1985 to protect Canadians from U.S. court actions. The companies declined liability to have the gag order ended so they could prove that the Canadian government had compelled them to join the cartel. In Ottawa, the U.S. ambassador Thomas R. Keady was moved to complain to an American justice department official "the anti-trust answerable to anybody but God."

As Trudeau maintained, the cartel was set up with good intentions. To protect its own producers, the U.S. had urged its borders to raise foreign uranium in 1964, and Canadian exports plummeted. The producers' club, which included the U.S., was meant to ensure that the metal sold for at least the cost of producing it. At question is the degree to which the companies may have used bad-egging to raise prices in Canada and abroad. Also were answered is the degree to which the cartel's "low price" fix ensures stimulated the metal's price to turn from \$5 to more than \$40 a pound while the cartel operated between 1972 and 1976. That nearly



regional conference—to the likes of Fidel Castro's Cuba." Moreover, any aid the U.S. was not to provide was likely to be confined to providing private investors in the direction of those conservative governments of which it approved. The proceedings were described elsewhere to be of little comfort to Prime Minister Michael Bishop of Grenada, who topped his pro-U.S. predecessor Eric Gairy in a 1975 campaign and who has since only added to his fits in Washington by following with Castro and the East. Bishop talked about his country's long-term need for aid and his relations with both East and West in this interview filed by Donette Chris-Loy last week.

Maclean's: The North American media has branded you and your New Jewel Movement as Marxist, what is your response?

Bishop: We've always defined ourselves as socialist, and we stand by that. We "Grenada think and is a matter for individual countries' choice, but we do not want to be seen from regional clubs.

overheated the giant Westinghouse Electric Co., whose subsequent lawsuits against Gulf Minerals and 85 other producers triggered the U.S. anti-trust actions.

Trudeau's plaintive defense of the cartel has left other important questions unanswered.

Why was the cartel kept secret? Trudeau insists it was not, but Ontario Hydro, by far the largest Canadian consumer, was not informed. A diplomatic note sent to the U.S. in early 1972 advised only that four countries had met in Paris to discuss "possible price stabilization mechanisms" while producers reviewed "Ore prices and mar-

terially "biased" as "unassisted power operators." Christian guardedly insisted that it was a technique to facilitate legal action against the companies and the justice department indicated the two bureaucrats would likely be witnesses for the prosecution. The pair attended many of the producer meetings and Ransaul evoked considerable enthusiasm for producer concerns over price. In the minutes of an all-Canadian meeting in 1972, used as evidence in a U.S. congressional hearing on the cartel, Ransaul affirmed the cartel's purpose as being "to determine where the competition was and the nature of its strength, as a prelude to eliminating it



Frédoled Trudeau, (above) and MacNabb (left) and Ransaul: the plaintive defense left questions unanswered

ket allocations." One mining company informed its Australian subsidiary later that year that "whatever agreement is struck should be on a strictly confidential basis." Letters between Donald Macdonald and R.D. Harris, president of Canada's Atomic Energy Control Board, detailing floor prices and competing export quotas were not released until 1977.

Why did Ottawa turn a deaf ear to Ontario Hydro's With uranium prices on the rise, the hard-pressed utility pleaded in 1974 that Ottawa fix a Canadian price independent of the international price in the same way Ottawa did for all Macdonald had charged only that the Canadian price should not be higher than the cartel price, and Ottawa informed Ontario Hydro it should be paying world prices. Further, Macdonald failed to intervene at Ontario's behalf. In 1975 to stop Denison Mines exporting Japan while Ontario Hydro negotiated a 40-year supply deal with the company, Ontario agreed to raise \$6-billion (only three years later at an average price of \$47.50 a pound (in 1980 dollars)—about twice the current price.

Why were Ransaul and MacNabb



over and for all? At question is how the two could have acted without the knowledge of Macdonald and Austin or of the Trudeau cabinet. Also at question is how they—or Macdonald—could have expected the cartel companies to retain their allotted export market shares without fixing their bids.

Why did the cartel operate for three years? The floor prices detailed by Macdonald consistently fell far behind the international price after the cartel price blips of 1972, spurred the energy companies to keep exporting as much uranium by 1974 that Canada sold a 30-year supply of its stockpile. But Macdonald did not terminate the cartel until March 31, 1975.

Ottawa's relations with Ontario Hy-

dro were strained by the political awareness of the utility's thorough Tory ties. Sources say Hydro's painful negotiations with Denison Mines evoked some amusement in Liberal Ottawa among leaders, who saw the Conservative government's problems started with Denison's chairman, Stephen Ross, a self-made multimillionaire whose right-wing views failed to win him election for the federal Tories in his two attempts. Ross also had close ties to the Liberals through the uranium stockpile fund and the cartel arrangements. With Denison facing a Hamilton fine if proven guilty, Ross last week branded the company charges "ridiculous" and asserted he had simply followed the government's instructions. What remains to be seen are the intricate details of those instructions and whether it was his rigging by the company or a shrewd policy of the federal government that showed up uranium prices and exposed the electricity customers of Ontario.

National

Snow, heat and gloom of night

"It is important that everybody suffer the pressure for a little while, including the union leaders who called for a strike." So said Parliament's General Asst. Ouellet last week, explaining why the government was not about to legislate the striking postal clerks back to work. The Trudeau cabinet had decided, though not without recurring arguments among ministers, to ban dual Jean Charest, Quebec and his Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW). As Ouellet put it, the Commons must not allow Parrot to "run for cover" under a back-to-work law that would relieve him of responsibility for the strike or a settlement. On the other hand, Treasury Board President Don Johnston was determined not to give any ground on the contract issues in dispute until Parrot returned to the bargaining table. To complete the vicious circle, Parrot was refusing to bargain unless Johnston first accepted the demand terms proposed by confederate board Chairman Pierre Jamin—no remuneration. Johnston refused to accept an advance.

For all his reputation as a reluctant strike-leader, it was Parrot who lit a fuse of anger in the Commons. For "zero or no-wage payment" paid to the president if Johnston would make an addition to his negotiating team: Michel Warren, the co-chief of the Toronto Transit Commission who this fall is to be joint chief president when it



Stickers in Ottawa and (below) Johnston and Parrot, completing a vicious circle



becomes a CTA corporation. It was a twisting enough proposal for Johnston to consider, though he had his doubts. Publicly, he cautioned against embroiling Warren in a labor relations mess even before he takes over the post office, his claim that it would be "unsafe" to insert Warren into the talks was dangerous since Warren now works with Ouellet and has been fully briefed as the negotiations. Move to the post, Johnston was bent on convincing Parrot's CUPW (and other public sector unions watching closely) that it could not count on a last-minute squeaker from the government to end the strike—the kind of personal intervention staged by Ouellet himself last year. Still, it took the government three days to decide and, at the end of a long, muggy week, Johnston told reporters he was finally "shutting the door" against Warren's involvement and called for a return to bargaining.

In the Commons, where MPPs had just raised their own salaries to \$40,280 from \$32,300 (and kept their \$4,400 tax-free allowance), Joe Clark threatened to block a surprise move until the strike is settled either by law or negotiation. While Johnston seemed to be reflecting anew on the merits of legislation, Parrot was refused by the rising **Commons** **St. Catharines** **and** **London** **divided** **after** **Johnston's** **criticism** **of**



Warren. Nor was he bothered by the prospect of a strike-breaking law, he went to jail after defying such a law in 1973 and says he's ready to endure the same again for contract provisions he calls cruel. It was just that attitude that led Pierre Trudeau to ponder aloud what could be done about a union leader who would either negotiate or obey the law.

Though the postal dispute centered not on money but on working conditions and benefits (worker safety, seniority issues), the strike's impact on the country deepened from more intransigent to federal leadership in some cases. Retail firms already hampered by loan charges couldn't even collect accounts receivable. Bigger businesses were absorbing bigger losses. Montreal's flights a month-long strike would cost the magazine \$1 million in lost revenues, added distribution expenses and subscription extensions. Local chambers of commerce were doing their bit—Yellowknife's began delivering mail locally for 25 cents an envelope, while the Chamber in Fredericton is charging \$1.50 to bundle mail across to the U.S. post office in Calais. Me the labor contract at the U.S. Postal Service expires, by coincidence, July 30. But that poses no danger to the bustling rail business, postal snail's pace of the border are frozen.

Saskatchewan

No B movies for Chaplin

Chaplin, Rick, is the sort of successful Prairie town—people like 204, most of its work force employed in the nearby sodium phosphate mine—where getting a little action normally means driving 80 km east to see a B-movie punch-up at the Moose Jaw drive-in. Even when much more than that, enough to did happen on Tuesday evening of last week, it was an bit-some that nobody caught on at first. Somebody broke into Mac Plucher's trailer in the northeast end, somebody broke into a couple of other houses, then somebody smashed a window in the Red and White store on Forest Street. And then the snowstorm started from Skook's butcher shop, with neighbors running to help seventy better Prairie Saskatchewan while others called police. Within an hour the RCMP had arrested a man who gave his name as James Albert Pitts and his age as 37, but offered no address. But the town's worst shock was to come the next day when Pitts was charged not only with three break-ins and the attempted murder of both Pierre Skoka and her husband, Arden, but also with the murders of two women the night before that nobody in town knew anything about.

For Chaplin, what happened to the Sedona was ugly enough. The town butcher had closed up his shop and gone to bed about 10 o'clock in the Skoka's upstairs apartment, leaving forward to



Murder scenes: like a spaced-out hippie?



Chaplin's main about Alzheimer

leaving for a vacation the next day to see relatives in Kelowna, BC. Mrs. Senka was finishing a washing and putting things into the family dryer near the back door. Before long, she was startled. Senka plunged downstairs to find his wife, face and scalp streaming with blood from wounds that would take 50 stitches to close, being poured into the shop by a man who then grabbed a 30 cm carving knife and turned on the butcher. "A terrible mess," as Senka later described it. "He was just like a beast—he inserted like a ball in a mug." As the butcher tried to shield himself with a meat cart and his wife ran toward the neighbors' back door, they noticed three the knife at Senka—messed and fed.

Semenced to help, Senka's friend, garage owner Bryant Leopoldy, slung a rifle into his pickup truck, climbed another village he saw on the street and instinctively headed for the Trans-Canada Highway—for nearly as one who lived in Chaplin could do such a deed. And not a rifle down the highway. The truck lights picked up a man slumping at the side of the road, he accepted their proffered lift. Even their suspecting questions he had been visiting nearby, the hitch-hiker said, but he carried no backpack and could not name his friends' caused the stranger no concern. "Sort of like a spaced-out hippie who was on a trip five years ago and never recovered," Leopoldy described him. But after the pickup hit a Gulf streamer, attempting to buy cigarettes, the hitch-hiker tried to make a run for it when the RCMP cruiser wheeled in.

But Chaplin's anguished night wasn't over until next morning when Marie Moore, retired farmer and a town councillor, was alerted by a concerned neighbor of his mother's that there was no answer at the modern southside home of 88-year-old Vera Moore. A back window had been shattered and, pushing open the door, Moore found his mother slumped to death. Nearly lay the husband body of his sister, Margaret Turcotte, 94, who had just arrived for a visit on the 528 Calgary bus Monday eve-

ning. Said Bob Leopoldy, 59-year-old son of the Chaplin's owner and one of many young people who considered Mrs. Moore a friend. "She was the tiniest woman-pud ever met. She would have been no help."

Lake mouth Pinta town strong along the railway and the Trans-Canada Highway, Chaplin has been subject of transients since long before the Depression's halcyon became late-day hitch-hikers. "But you can bet we'll be a little less friendly now," warned the younger Leopoldy. Meanwhile, Pinta is due to appear in court next month, after psychiatric examination in Saskatoon.

—RON PETER

The cruel and sudden sea

TS Elder's poem Generation places Newfoundland's Strait of Belle Isle in the same league as Cape Horn as a land of rough weather. Locally, the 15-km-wide channel swirling between Newfoundland and Labrador is informally called Reddy's Alley. Ships frequenting southern Newfoundland waters are traditionally well-served, but even the heaviest vessel is not immune to peril at sea. Last week, Newfoundland seafarers and landlifers alike were asking: What sank the Arctic Explorer with the loss of 13 lives? A supplementary question: How can 20 sailing wet seafarers have spent 32 hours before being picked up?

The demise of the 26-metre, 300-tonne sailing vessel—chartered for oil-related seismic work in the off-season—was as swift as it was mysterious. Shortly before 8 a.m. EDT on Friday, July 8, ship's cook Ken Erickson of Lewisville, N.B., was fixing breakfast when "I heard a jolt and the ship started listing." Twenty minutes later, waves were splashing in 6°C water toward two inflatable rafts hurriedly thrown overboard. Just like that, the sturdy veteran of seven sailing seasons was gone. "Death was black or white, there were no shades of grey," said John

Quebec

A party, a puff, a victory!

Claude Ryan's ascension surely permits him the public pleasure of a cigar, but last week, as he maneuvered from a closed meeting of the Quebec Liberal executive council—he believed it the "last of the postmortems" since his party's crushing April 14 defeat in the provincial election—the politician was surveying the state of a tropical style of leadership—his own party president, Larry Wilson, blamed the rout as his "autocratic" image—Ryan had handily consolidated his position as pretender to the premiership.

Just after the election Wilson had sent his analysis of the defeat to 300 of the party faithful. He claimed if Ryan had deigned to listen to anyone but himself many mistakes could have been avoided. Then the day before the election he wrote Wilson into a Quebec journalist that he had more for the march without getting across to Ryan, or an-

swers to his moans. Members of 13 riding associations, including Ryan's own Anjouville, had also criticized their leader's media approach as "ill-considered and over-the-top." But when the executive council gathered and the majority proved to be firmly on Ryan's side, he chose to ignore the attacks. He also seemed to be ignoring Wilson—by neither spoke nor hand. It was when a photographer asked the two men together, And when the meeting ended, Wilson was the first out, scripping to the elevators and back to Montreal. A satisfied Ryan flicked his cigar and exhaled a loud puff.

The next day at his first news conference since the election, flanked by supporters including the party's vice-president, Ryan made it clear that he is not about to quit. "The chief is in place, he's there and he's staying," Ryan argued that before Ryan he remains to finish the task he undertook three years ago to reform the Liberal party and lead it back into power. "Who is the best man to do that job?" Ryan asked rhetorically. "The one who initiated this approach towards new methods which would get us back into the real world, in Quebec or, he suggested, the darker forces that would like to go



Yves Wilson and (centre) party Vice-President Louise Lehoucq, one chief

back to old-style backroom politics.

Significantly, the Quebec Liberal party leader Claude Ryan never long tolerated a leader who had lost an election. This time the party will lose to Ryan's chief adviser, Yves Allaire, says that the next general election is mandatory, it is unlikely to be held before

the fall of 1985, the latest possible date under party regulations. That will give Ryan lots of time to reorganize himself. Further, while the Ryan backroom boys make sure the party runs smoothly in his favor, the chief can continue his communion with "the little guy," the average party member who Ryan is concerned in as his man. Ironically, although he was describing this grassroots support in French, Ryan lapsed into English to quote the entreaties

of St. Anthony. Because of the lapse of time, the ship, or what was left of it, could have been anywhere along that arc. The Buffalo reached the St. Anthony area in about two hours, then scoured the strip where the ship might be for nearly an hour Saturday afternoon, finding nothing. On Sunday, a second Buffalo from Summerside, a long-range Avrocar from Grandview, N.B., and two helicopters from Gander were joined by three Coast Guard ships. At 12:11 a.m. the covered raft was spotted from one of the Buffalo planes, and

a chopper and the Labrador Greif moved in to get the men off, then pick up bodies.

Both St. John's Tory MP James McGrath and Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford claim that stationing only helicopters at Gander is not good enough to cope with open-water disasters. Commercial aircraft are needed. The evidence is that nine vessels (10 or death—survival came for a normally 100-tonne ship in 6°C water in three hours. In the Commem, Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin described East

Coast search and rescue facilities as adequate. The failure to send a distress signal was responsible for the delay, said recent facilities, he said, adding "There's no way you can have an armada of ships and planes at every point." Peckford in Halifax pointed to the other obvious factor—the failure of Coastguard Services to notify authorities on Friday when the message from the ship first failed to come in. At week's end, a Transport Canada investigation team from Ottawa remained clustered at The Battery Motel in St. John's, poring over survivors' statements and information about the Arctic Explorer, trying to narrow what went wrong, while Pepin has announced a full-scale commission of inquiry into the sinking.

Derek Wignard, the president of Carleton Place, Ont., the ship's owners, ventured cautiously that a hidden iceberg below the waterline could have sunk the ship. Such a so-called "growler" appeared the day before Wilson Caroon four years ago off Labrador and sent her to the bottom. As Explorer captain Charles Randall points out, "You'll probably have to send a diving bell down to find out what it was." Would rescue operator Randall—whose total sea experience in the three hours of the Arctic Explorer's troubled voyage—go back to sea? "I like it. I don't think I should ever be comfortable on a ship again."

—RANDOLPH JONES

Sunk ship and survivor Alan Matheson: death only came in black or white



Photo by John P. Johnson for Maclean's



LaSalle, prepared for a salvaging job

made to him "Zed is made to do. Stay as Don's give up. We need you." An independent analysis of the election published last week¹ concluded that the Liberals lost because they contributed too many of their energies on marginal voters, people without enough clout in enough ridings to make a difference: the elderly and the anglophones.

Ryan did bow to party pressure to allow some changes in his kingdom. Regional party organizations will be encouraged to take political stands on local issues without having to wait for the official position from on high. Money will be taken from Ryan's pet committees of organization and put into issue-building projects. Most importantly, a director general will be appointed to coordinate and run local office. But last August, when Ryan was losing power, the chief wrote a copy of the Liberal party rule book, every word of which he has, weebled and blundered. The book makes it clear a chief is a chief is a chief, which is just the way Claude Ryan plans to keep it.

While Ryan was negotiating to renew battle with the Parti Québécois, another victim of René Lévesque's last victory prepared to attempt a salvaging job. Bob LaSalle contemplated trying to win again the Quebec federal riding of Joliette for the Tories in the Aug. 17 by-election. It was their only seat in Quebec, snatched when LaSalle quit to lead the moribund Union Nationale in Quebec's provincial election, and it is anything but safe. LaSalle took it by only 305 votes in 1988. Iron ore President Brian Mulroney, a once and future candidate for Joe Clark's job, spent a lot of time searching his credibility in this by-election altar. —ANNE BROWN

P.E.I.

New rules at Heartbreak Hotel

It is probably only in Prince Edward Island that such laws could be passed without serious opposition, and almost without comment, from politicians, lawyers, the news media or the public. The laws, which were given three readings by the P.E.I. legislature this spring without a vote being raised against them, and which now await only official proclamation by the lieutenant-

Governor and Social Services Minister Ann Lee, whose staff drew up the new laws, along with people in Justice Minister Wallace Carver's office, profess to be surprised by the criticism they finally drew last week from such sources as Alan Horoway, general counsel of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association. Lee says he has invited off-balance critics such as Horoway to Charlottetown to discuss the laws and says his department will monitor their applications to ensure they are not abused, though he cannot say how this process will be conducted. "The situation would be different in a big metropolitan area like Toronto," Lee says, "but here, police know



P.E.I. seems ready and (right) Carver (below) and Horoway. The situation would be different in Toronto. And here, police know who the rabbits are.

governor to go into effect, give police in the province unprecedented powers to arrest and hold suspected alcoholics and drug addicts until a doctor decides whether they should be forced to undergo treatment. Specifically, the new laws give any policeman the power to enter even private premises without a warrant and to take a person he thinks is mentally disturbed by alcohol or other drugs to a treatment centre. There, the person can be held for up to 72 hours for a medical examination and committed by a doctor to a further 14 days for treatment. During that period, the provincial director of Addiction Services can apply to a judge for a commitment order for up to six months for more treatment—and the acts protect any official involved in such a case from being sued for damages.

who the rabbits are." Lee stresses that the new acts were only introduced after thorough study and discussion of recommendations put forward by a government task force on addiction. Dr. Mark Tremblay, the provincial director of Addiction Services, agrees with Lee that criticism of the acts stems from a misunderstanding of the situation in a small province like P.E.I. He says the laws are aimed at dealing with "30 or 40 individuals"—violent alcoholics who are known to the police. Some of the "30 or 40," Dr. Tremblay says, regard addiction treatment centres as a bed-and-breakfast place where they can have a good sleep, no shower and a meal before going out to get drunk again. "Except check-out time will now be two weeks. —KIMBERLY WELLS

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A car moving at high speed corners and a bridge into a river and begins slipping up with water until actress **Alison Allen** trapped inside. So begins the thrills in horror maestro **Brian De Palma's** latest film, *Blow Out*, due for release next week, co-starring **Jane Fonda** as a second max named death. "The problem with that scene was that I'm terribly claustrophobic," admits the 32-year-old Allen who, nonetheless, crowded into a car in a large water tank under husband De Palma's careful direction to film the escape close-up. "Brian tried to talk me out of doing the scene, but I'm also stubborn," says Allen. "Besides, I thought maybe he'd be right to help me overcome my fears. It didn't."

The Oxford Guide to Oxford, the most recent addition to the well-respected and widely used series of local guidebooks published by Oxford University Press, has been described from the shelves of Oxford's best-known English bookstore, Blackwell's. Written by University of Toronto Professor **Peter Heyworth**, the guide features a few tongue-in-cheek suggestions for sightseers (e.g. The High Street: "It must be seen and it is best seen walking briskly from Carfax toward Magdalen"). While the slight eccentricity was permissible, Heyworth's references to Blackwell's office building, "ancient glass and concrete," and its commonwealth, "some of the inexpressible values of bookbinding have been lost to the vicissitudes of management operations," did not amuse the management, which deemed them "tasty, ironic and unsubstantiated."

The Wedding March may be the only dancing in **Lady Diana Spencer's** head these days, but she is serving as inspiration for much other music. Montreal entrepreneur **Dan Wayne** recently basined local singer-turned-filmmaker-writer **Alvin Kipichis** into a recording studio under the name of **Captain Arnie** to do a reggae update of **Paul Anka's** old hit *Diana*. "Only this time the lyrics say 'Pineas stay by me, Lady Diana,'" says Wayne, who is waiting for final permission for the lyric changes from Anka's agents. If that project falls through, there's also **Paul McCartney's** brother, **Mike**, who has recorded an original song called *No Larch* on *Lady Di*. Says McCartney: "She's just like the girl next door/You never get to meet/Except you're always behind on your rent/And her father comes the street. The album story features two sets of end credits marked HEARST and HIT's hanging on a clothesline."



Allen, 'Blow Out' didn't help her fears

West Vancouver politician and self-confessed "probity hound" **Frank Frazee**, 58, has decided to sell a used car once driven by **Sean Connery** in *Goldfinger* and listed after by an Arab chieftain who couldn't say it five years ago because it simply "wasn't for sale." The car, encased in glass outside Baker's eatery since 1969, is the prop



Anton Martin and **James Bond** used to wipe out *Goldfinger* and a slew of other tie-in movies in the 1960s movie. With a *Vantage* 325 b.i.g. aluminum cost motor, three overhead cams and triple carb, it was clocked at 265 km/h on its journey to Vancouver 12 years ago. The \$200,000 asking price included smoke screen unit, oil-spraying tailpipe, with retractable metal spikes, a radar screen and triple revolving license plates. To prospective buyers, who have come from as far away as Los Angeles, Calif., Baker is honest about the car's failings: the 30-horsepower rednecks in the parking fidgets do not fit any more and the ejection seat never did work—"It was phoned up for the movie."

Materialist aesthetes **Pat Demko's** Whetstone System, recently picked up for national distribution by Yardley of Canada, is, according to its inventor, \$77.75 worth of prevention. Demko spent eight years researching the breast tear, eye-socket, chin strap and foot liss which are money-back-guaranteed to firm up sagging flesh. The rubber breast teat, which the room makes refrigerating, then slipping into neck bralette, helps all sizes from "two little hanging things" up to "voluntaries for 17 years before she went into small-scale production of the kits in the spring of 1980. Demko warns: "If men should not wait until they are 30 or 60 to start taking care. Some of my customers have said, 'When my breasts sag, I'll have an operation, so what?' They should see the ones."

Michelle Musak was collecting old stock certificates to use as wallpaper in her Montreal home in 1963 when she came across one that turned out to be worth \$5,000. Now the enter-

prise 43-year-old mother of three runs Stock Market Information Service Inc., a search company that has turned up \$5 million for clients who thought they held worthless stock. For a \$30 fee, Musak will investigate the stock's history and notify the company, whose stock may have changed several times, of its outstanding—and often overvalued—date. In 19 years of "feeling like a detective," Musak's crop of grace was getting \$53,000 for 1,000 shares in the North European Oil Co. held by a Florida man who bought them in 1937 for 25 cents apiece. Musak's current endeavor is the founding of the Canadian chapter of the Bond and Share Society, an organization of collectors of old bonds and certificates, which will hold its inaugural meeting this week in Toronto.

"The hardest thing about making a film about my life was the bad memories it brought back," says **Garry Davis**, 36, the star of the critically acclaimed Canadian feature film *Adaptation*. Davis, writer and directed by older brother **Guy**. In the story of his Canadian family who moved to a Cabbagetown



Garry Davis: 12 Labatt's Blue a day

ghetto in Toronto, Davis had to re-exact the still painful experience of discovering his aunt's life hanging from a tree seven years ago. But his first major role wasn't a complete disaster for the self-styled wheel-dealer. "I think I drove about a dozen Labatt's Blue every day during the few weeks of filming. I blaving was acted in three of his brother's short films, Garry now plans to strike out on his own. "Once I prove myself, hopefully we can work together again," he says.

When film distributors label a picture a "thriller," they are usually referring to its financial prospects. *Polyester*, the latest release from U.S. art director **John Waters**, literally



Princess Margaret visits unseemly hospital. Her mother and divorce (below) gone today, best



stinks. Due to open across Canada this month, one of the surprise hits of the Cannes Film Festival was produced on *Adaptation*, an updating of the writing-screenplay-theatre film experiment, well-to-do vision. Waters, whose *Pink Flamingos* and *Pinkie Finkle* are staples of the midnight movie circuit, describes the film as "a ludicrous melodrama, like *Forster Knave*. But guys totally terrific." Starring the 318-lb transvestite **Diana**, Polanski marks the comeback of '50s heartthrob **Jack Huston**, who was last seen in *Mary Hartman's* 1970 kitchen. A reflective 50, Hartman recently "Of all my leading ladies... **Lene Taylor**, **Rita Hayworth**, **Sophie Loren**... Divine has more on the ball than any I've ever worked with. She's like *Annika Fennell* gone home in a pasta factory."

In the middle of a hectic whirl of scheduled public appearances, **Princess Margaret**, 58, took time out last week to visit the Toronto hospital named after her in 1956 and have tea with one of the Canadian Cancer Society's founders, **Bob Franklin**. After protesting the Society with a couple last Volunteer's mark naming more than 20 years of service to the hospital, Franklin suggested Margaret return for her 35th-year job in 1983. "I wouldn't mind it. I didn't have fun in '57 at the ball!" she said, referring to her last Toronto trip with then husband, **Lord Alexander**. Margaret was accompanied in the week-long visit by her 37-year-old daughter, **Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones**. Her 15-year-old son, **David**, Viscount *Linley*, doesn't need his mother to go abroad. "My son can come to Canada on his own," she said. "He's quite old enough, you know."

As usual, **Prince Tristan's** aides were mean about their star's recent plans for a four night in Washington last week. The *Pr* did tell Canadian

Press photographer **Peter Bragg** that he would be visiting in at Blair House, the Eisenhower White House. Bragg, who lives on Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House according to a Canadian Press statement, Truman set aside his briefing papers for a soiree with Washington socialite **Lucy Neufuss**, whom he dated in New York in April. During a photo session in the Oval office the next day with **Ronald Reagan** looking befuddled and Bragg snapping shots, Truman inquired, "What did you do last night, Peter?" Replied Bragg between bursts of the motor drive. "I stayed home by myself, sir." Truman: "So you didn't get me, eh?" Turning to Reagan, the *Pr* explained: "I gave him my word that I wouldn't go out last night. But he doesn't know what happened in there." —EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

The milkman can still deliver

Fifteen years after the mumps brought us Tom Wilkinson, he keeps on thriving

By Trent Frayne

Does it make sense that the way Tom Wilkinson got going in Canadian football was that one guy put the mumps and another went into a huff, read at the coach, and decided to hone up his athletic supporter? Of course it does. There was never a conventional moment in Tom Wilkinson's quarterbacking life, as why should its beginning be different?

Nothing has changed. The other night in Ottawa, 16 years later, Wilkie was busying a time as contemplating a new crew of staff as doing whatever he was doing on the Edmonton bench while on the field the Eskimos, the world's most accomplished football team (as far as the Oakland Raiders), were engaging the home-town Rough Riders.

Suddenly Edmonton Mark Philip (retired Warren Moon, the Esks' young and explosive No. 1 quarterback, reminding him as well and nod at any other someone involving Edmonton and Ottawa these days. On another football team, the removal of some thing as large and mobile and eager as Warren Moon gets the coaches shaking their sunburnt heads and thinking about next week's game.

Set not in the Eskimos. On the Eskimos Wilkie pulls on his hat, waddles pigskin-toed to the huddle, throws a 75-yard pass to Tom Scott, throws a 25-yard touchdown pass to Neil Lennette, looks to the quarter and holds the ball while his road runner, Dave Carter, bumps the ball through to make a one-touchdown margin, a two-touchdown margin. And in the fourth quarter, with Moon back and the Esks out of sight by 40-11, Wilkie gets the nod again and starts off on his own, three or four plays and 180 yards later, Waddell Smith is in the Ottawa end zone with Wilkie's concluding 18-yard delivery.

Wilkie is wonderful. Everybody can identify with him because he looks like the milkman. He couldn't beat a fat lady up the stairs, he barely over remembers to shave until it's about seven hours past 5 o'clock. He is 38. There is no side to him (though before he shined off the front porch he had a profile like Alfred Hitchcock's). But 19 years (nearly) ago in the Grey Cup game, the Alouettes dropped several buildings upon the smug Eskimos, who'd been spending a lot of time in-treating to the hair grow on their manly

cheeks. It was mighty embarrassing that admission in the Olympic Stadium for people who write poems about the lanky, Lolo, Montreal 41, Edmonton 6.

Because of what happened there, Wilkie looks almost twice now. Bearing down on the old pot, he dropped 34 pounds. "Nobody likes getting beat like that," he reconstructed. "After years mid-30s you don't know when you're gonna be done. If I wasn't in shape and



get cut I figured I'd always wonder if I'd been cut if I'd been in shape, you know?"

By then he was closing on 215. He began playing quarterback every day and running and doing sit-ups. He runs he got it down around 180 and there have been three Grey Cups in a row since then, with Moon taking on increasing responsibility, a guy who can throw the ball over the grandstand as far out of the stadium with it. The University of Washington's Rose Bowl here four Januarys ago. The ever-ready Eskimos have a young backup waiting in the wings, too, a spent from Temple Uni-

versity in Philadelphia named Brian Brannell.

"Wilkie will let us know when the time comes that it's too much trouble," says Norm Kinnaird, the arduous architect of this remarkable organization. "His problem is that he's growing a little long in the tooth and that affects mobility, makes it harder to get out of the way. Each year he's concerned that he can get the job done. He's always been very important to us, had a significant influence."

Leo Cahill invented Wilkie. For Canadian content, that is. Leo is the only man to take the Toronto Argonauts to the Grey Cup game since approximately the battle of the Plains of Abraham, and Leo, from Illinois, went north to coach as an assistant with the Alouettes in 1959 and eventually as head coach of the Toronto Rifles of the old Continental League. He had two quarterbacks in his second season there, a guy named Bubba Marrett and a guy named John Henry Jackson. But Bubba came down with the mumps and Leo and his assistant coach, Bob Grogan, got on the phone to contacts in the U.S. looking for a fill-in. They were told about a kid from the University of Wyoming who was too small for the NFL and this was Wilkie and they brought him in and Leo told Bob to take a look at him. Then Bob went into Leo's office.

"What do you like about him?" Leo asked.

"Nothing," Bob replied. John Henry Jackson had a potted leg mumps and Leo decided he was going to sit him out of the opener. This miffed Jackson, who decided to quit football and go into some business where some people were not angry. Wilkie was hired as the Rifles' quarterback at \$250 a game and became the Continental League's rookie of the year.

The next season Leo was made coach of the Argonauts. Then the Continental League folded. Leo brought in Wilkie, who eventually won the No. 1 job. Wilkie's style never thrilled the elegant owner, John Bassett. As Leo once said, "Wilkie looks like a chunk of chewed bubble gum." Bassett made it abundantly clear that Wilkie had to go, one more goal and a million Argo goals, and Wilkie played in 1971 in Vancouver, and when the Lions cut him he phoned Ray Zurch, the Edmonton coach. Lucky Edmonton, Ray was taking calls. Lucky Wilkie, too, a spent from Temple Uni-



Ontario decision. Says he: "They may decide it goes too far."

No doubt most corporations would agree. Rattling under the weight of the suits served on them by disgruntled employees, many are striving to ward off "terminations," and the ensuing legal wrangles, by centralizing their employee evaluation systems. Noranda Mines Ltd., for one, now holds regular seminars for managers to detail its written appraisal system. "We don't like to discharge and [written evaluations] give the person a chance to change," says Taylor Holden, Noranda's personnel director. That's not the system's only advantage: documentation proves an invaluable tool for the company's lawyers if firing turns out to be avoidable. Since no single event justifies the lowered rank, observes Vancouver litigation lawyer Sid Cross, the key is establishing a pattern of inadequate performance.

Companies are also turning to a new breed of professional, the relocation counselor whose positive support program keeps an ousted employee busy finding a new niche, thereby preventing a lawsuit. "If you reduce the shock at termination, you reduce the chances of a suit by 50 per cent," claims Eric Bentler, vice president of relocation counseling for Thorne Stephens & Kellogg in Toronto. In his view, legal action could end the litigant both his severance pay and his professional reputation—not to mention the emotional drain and hefty out-of-pocket expenses. A two-year wait and a \$10,000 tab are the price for fighting a case, whereas counseling paid for by the company can lead to a new job within six months. But according to Amshel, only the more "progressive" companies tend to retain his services which, for a senior employee, can climb up to \$8,000 from the corporate purse.

In their efforts to stay out of court, companies are increasingly seeking legal advice before a firing. Says Thompson: "I always tell them to pay more than the letter of the law—it's paid for morale and keeps them out of litigation." Meanwhile, every employee, alert to signs of trouble, are consulting their own lawyers, as Grossman can attest. "I've given them more leverage." One Ontario executive who sought legal counsel well in advance of a firing was recently able to bargain for another month of severance and relocation counseling. But despite the mood of negotiation, there's little letup in the number of suits filed in the superior court of the words sought. One former company president, for instance, recently suing Griffin Group Ltd. for \$25 million. Concludes Cross: "These lawsuits have almost become a Loto Canada." ☐

LAW

Seeking mentorly advice



Cooper (left) and Selickson, moving the line between junior and senior counsel.

As a young lawyer recently asked to defend a family friend charged with a narcotics offence, Harold Selickson faced a tough ethical question: should a lawyer take a serious case where close personal relationships are involved? "I'd never encountered the problem before," says the 28-year-old Selickson. "I needed someone to confirm my opinions." He called Austin Cooper, 35, a senior Toronto criminal lawyer, who helped him outline the considerations. Selickson then decided to refer the case to someone else. Says he: "Cooper was extremely helpful."

Selickson and Cooper are among 250 lawyers participating in a new project called the Mentor Program—the first of its kind in North America—which brings up junior criminal lawyers with senior selectors. Begun last year in Toronto as a pilot project, the program is now expanding province-wide. The main impetus for it, says Harold Levy, Ontario Legal Aid Plan's special projects coordinator, was the disappearance of the traditional informal tie between junior and senior practitioners when new criminal lawyers, who usually set up

were concerned that legal services were deteriorating. One lawyer, David Humphrey, complained that some junior counsel were so inept, "they have to take a call to court because they don't know where it is."

While about 140 "mentees" have formally been assigned to 25 of Toronto's top criminal counsel, including Humphrey, Arthur Maloney and Edward Grossman, another 80 use the program to make inquiries. More senior lawyers have volunteered than the project can use, even though they receive no fee for their services. "I do it," says Humphrey, "because it's a matter of revitalizing a tradition of the bar."

Observers in other jurisdictions are watching the program, particularly since legal aid services bear the administrative costs. Representatives from the National Defender Institute in Chicago are considering its applicability in the U.S. In Regina, Grant Armstrong, president of the Federation of Law Societies of Canada, speculates that the program will spread, at least to large centres such as Vancouver and Montreal.

"It's a continuing job," says Armstrong, "and is also considering an extension of the program to include civil and matrimonial litigation. It's not an idea that has to work," says Levy. "It is a profession the older generation have to be responsible for the junior members in order to keep the professional spirit alive."

—FRANK BLAZER

Lost Wax: Jet engine blades from a 6,000 year-old technique.

Long before the Pyramids, ancient craftsmen used a method called the "lost wax" process.

To produce turbine, shaft and gold objects of astonishing detail.

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Creating single crystals.

Our metallurgists have perfected unique new ways to control the metal's crystalline structure.

So we perfected a process that forces the metal to reject all but one crystal as it hardens in the mold, forming finished blades from one incredibly strong single crystal of metal.

But the process still begins with a 6,000-year-old idea.

A COMPANY CALLED

TRW

Woes of an upstart theory

Experiments that challenge Darwin provoke a scientific war

By Lesley Kravitz

Since Charles Darwin's death in 1882, his theory of natural selection has itself defied evolution. Despite proof by modern scientists, the theory has stood its ground—and, perhaps, now it's what even a critic calls a series of "solid and important" experiments. Dr. Eugenie C. Gershenfeld, a University of Toronto and his Australian colleague, Dr. Ted Steele, think they have challenged Darwin by pre-

dicted his and Gershenfeld's findings says Medawar. "If he were right, it would be a tremendously important discovery which I would be glad to be associated with. However, I am firmly convinced he's wrong." Gershenfeld says there were "big problems" with Medawar's debunking experiments. "I hope this doesn't sound like sour grapes," he says, "but a lot of others share our view."

Historically, few have done as Gershenfeld's and Steele's theory is de-



Medawar debunking the two rhesus monkeys

scribed through an erratic line from the enigmatic 18th-century French biologist Jean Baptiste Lamarck, who first proposed that acquired characteristics could be inherited. His example—and eventual fate—was the giraffe. Lamarck claimed that in each generation, the giraffe stretched its neck further to reach over higher leaves, and each generation, therefore, passed on a longer neck to its offspring. Lamarck was first refuted, then discredited 50 years later when Darwin published his theory of natural selection. Essentially, the theory states that genetic mutations happen constantly and randomly, and the ones that best help an organism to survive in a particular environment are effectively "selected," the organism prosper and breeds offspring that tend to carry the beneficial mutation. According to Darwin, giraffes didn't all grow long necks; the ones with short necks died.

German scientist August Weismann elaborated this theory in the late 19th century. Weismann said that genes within the sperm and egg, which pass on information from generation to generation, are as separate from the other cells of the body as if a brick wall had been built around them. A giraffe may stretch its neck, and Weismann, but the wisdom of growing a longer neck doesn't permeate the brick-like defenses of the germ. Lamarck was wrong.

Or was he? Enter Gershenfeld and Steele, pointing to modern advances in genetic engineering. Scientists have found germline, or germ, capable of breaching the wall surrounding genetic information—now known to be coded in DNA. If scientists can artificially feed new genetic information into those viruses into DNA, ask Gershenfeld and

Steele, could not infinitely more experienced science be doing the same thing? Gershenfeld remembers first discussing what *New Scientist* calls the "Lamarckian" possibility with Steele three years ago at a scientific meeting in Israel. But the possibility of actually testing the idea remained distant, recalls Gershenfeld, until he returned to his Toronto lab and realized "in a flash" that experiments he was already doing were perfect vehicles for the test.

Playhouse for the subsequent drama was Toronto's Princess Margaret Hospital, where they both worked for the Ontario Cancer Institute. Gershenfeld was held by a group of brown mice with small white patches on their backs; Steele kept the two scientists were tinkering with the mice's immune systems. Using techniques designed by their critic, Sir Peter Medawar, they made a group of male mice tolerant of skin grafts. They then bred the mice and claim to have found that the offspring of tolerant fathers were in fact more tolerant themselves.

Here, the small white patches of fur by Gershenfeld's and Steele's tests were done not on the offspring themselves—that is, the grafts were not repeated on the second generation—but in the assay dish. White blood cells, which fight invasion of foreign tissue and cause the rejection that plague transplant doctors, were taken from one mouse and exposed to cells from a mouse of a different strain. Ordinarily, white cells attack the foreign cells. Cells from tolerant mice, however, do not. Gershenfeld and Steele claim they found cells from the offspring of tolerant fathers remained passive in the face of foreign cells; the offspring were tolerant, too. Medawar says that when he repeated the experiments he found no such thing.

The polite but withering passion with which each side attacks the other compounds laymen. Gershenfeld maintains that Medawar did not make his father more tolerant enough, then confuted his white blood cell experiments "less than rigorously." Answers Medawar: "We're dealing with an intrinsically highly variable system. Being anti-thesis, they're attacked too much importance to certain data." Medawar stops just short of saying Gershenfeld and Steele went looking for the results they wanted, but adds, "We consider the matter closed."

The two rhesus do not. Both are pursuing experiments. Gershenfeld is in Toronto, Steele in his native Australia as a postdoctoral fellow at Canberra University. Gershenfeld hopes aid from Brock University scientist Janet Rossant, a specialist in fertilization, will help him "get around" what he sees as

the last objection to his theory. "Something in the tolerant mice's semen might allow a certain type of [tolerant] sperm to get around," he guesses. "That's the last case that has to be approached before we can think of a more unorthodox explanation."

And then, says Gershenfeld, "we stop big wild." Current wisdom, for instance, sees foreign breeding animals unaffected by epidemics because it's thought these animals are resistant to disease and should be made to pass on their resistance. But, Gershenfeld suggests, perhaps animals that have resist-

ed from the disease should be bred, in case they have developed an inheritable immunity. In the same way, he says, women who survive breast cancer should perhaps be encouraged to have children rather than discouraged.

The darker possibilities of these *New World* genetic manipulations also concern Gershenfeld. "In the hands of the wrong people this could be terrible," he says, "although the information per se is not bad." Counters Medawar: "If we were talking about information rather than fantasy, yes. But we're not." ☐



Gershenfeld is his job, Lamarck's belief apt; the giraffe, starting echoes of a discredited theory

ing that characteristics acquired by an animal during its lifetime can be inherited by its offspring. Fundamentalist Christians arguing creationist theory will get no support from the heretical data—although the conflict goes on at a bad time for evolutionists fighting creationist dogma. But still, says Gershenfeld, "The implications for scientific theory, for modern medicine, are profound."

They're also hotly disputed. Since February, medical biologists Gershenfeld, Steele, and Steele, 33, have fought a polite and scholarly war in the British journals *Nature* and *New Scientist*. Their supporters Young Turks at—among other places—the University of Oregon and the University of Alberta, who are doing similar tests in their laboratories. Their principal opponent: Nobel Prize-winning scientist Sir Peter Medawar, who first tarried Steele to work in his London lab, then threw the weight of the British scientific community against him by claiming to have



Morgan White.
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



Debunking the myth of idyllic childhoods

More therapists are now working with infants and children



Oliver during a therapy session, child depression requires extensive treatment

By Margaret Cameron

It's hard to picture five-year-old Maurice Angelo depressed. His parents, married for 20 years, tell us that Maurice is a happy, outgoing child, displaying his newest discovery—Peter Rabbit books—and playing games with Tami, the cat while his parents look on, enjoying their son's good looks, his obvious intelligence and creativity. But there was a time, just two years ago, when they would have watched his withdrawn activity. "He was ill," recalls his father, "and he took a knife to his grandfather. We couldn't let him play with other kids. It was awful."

The cause of his son's behavior became clear: Maurice had been depressed for two years. He was a child who had been depressed, and he was a child who had been depressed. He was a child who had been depressed, and he was a child who had been depressed.

The behavior disorder that created the monster is known as "separation anxiety" and is one of several de-

pressive states that psychologists and psychiatrists now know can affect infants as young as three days old. But child depression is not a new discovery. It was first described in 1907 by Sigmund Freud, who called it "melancholia in children." It was first described in 1907 by Sigmund Freud, who called it "melancholia in children." It was first described in 1907 by Sigmund Freud, who called it "melancholia in children."

Depression in childhood was recognized as early as 1946, but the concept remained controversial among psychiatrists who argued that children couldn't suffer the debilitating forms of adult depression. The reason they were reticent little creatures lacking the psychological capacity to face a hopeless future or to view themselves as the cause of external events—both primary indicators of depression in adults.

But modern researchers disagree

"The kids I treat think they control the world and cause every problem in it," says Oliver. Dr. Herbert Uhlen, a psychiatrist at Huxley's Brook, Wellingborough Hospital for Children, agrees. "Depression in children does exist. When children are unhappy, miserable, when their performance drops or they don't function well, we treat them." Uhlen and other specialists, such as psychologist Joan Pincus of Vancouver's Children's Hospital, are concerned, however, that these children are not receiving treatment early enough.

The disturbance can begin, literally, in the cradle. Recent ground-breaking research by Dr. Klaus Minde of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, shows that danger signals such as failure to respond to mother, unusual sleep and feeding patterns and irritability to meet normal developmental stages are indicators of present and future problems in infants. Maurice Angelo fits the pattern. Born three months premature when his mother became ill, he was placed in an incubator. When Durand Angelo saw her son for the first time,



Oliver. Depression in children exists

two weeks later, he was at Sick Kids. Heither that thriving on hospital care, he had lost weight. A month later, Maurice's parents took him home. "He slept for a couple of hours, then he'd wake up, sit up, then sleep again," recalls his mother. He was barely a year old when he'd hang and toy throwing signaled serious problems. "I took him back to the doctor. He said there was a developmental problem but that Maurice was too young to treat. So I took him home to wait."

Waiting while a child gets worse is a torture the Angelos share with other parents of depressed children. A 21-year-old Quebec mother of two requests her son's story. "I knew there was something wrong when he didn't

speak. He'd always been a quiet baby and I knew now that was a danger sign. When my second boy was born, my son just stopped responding. We put him up and he'd just hang there—limp. The doctor told me he was just having trouble adjusting to the new baby, to relax, not to be overprotective." But when she returned to the doctor six months later, she found with a 14-month-old child, he informed her, "You've got big problems." She finally found help at the Children's Psychiatric Research Institute in London, Ont.

The treatment delay is all too common. Psychiatrists are trained to be barking and waiting lists on tonight months are normal—which Oliver calls "disgraceful." Six months in the lives of these children is a lifetime. Uhlen's clinic keeps the wait to three weeks by hospitalizing only the most severely distressed children and making use of all available community resources. The Vancouver situation is, if anything, worse, says Pincus. "There's a great lack of treatment facilities for children of all ages in B.C.," She points out that in Vancouver, the sole residential centre for the entire province has a mere eight inpatient beds for children under 18. "We often have to take children as outpatients just to reduce the waiting time for entry into a community program," says Pincus. "These kids can't fight for themselves. Someone's got to fight for them."

The irony of having to fight for care for a sick child is magnified by the fact that treatment, once obtained, is usually meagre. "We don't always know the name of childhood depression," says Uhlen. "But we have considerable knowledge of what helps children. We write a lot of the disease and our meagre encouragement as." In cases involving infants less than a year old, therapists work with parents to correct the problems. The West End Creech team's approach to Maurice required bi-weekly therapy sessions with his child therapist, Oliver, as well as with a speech therapist and family counselling for his parents. In total, it took three years at a cost of about \$12,000, which was absorbed by the public service.

The Angelo family regards the Creech staff as lifesavers, not only for their treatment of Maurice, but for their understanding and support. "We knew if we could start to get our son's help," says his mother, Maurice will not be first grade in the fall and his mother plans to return to school or work. His father looks forward to a social life. "We could only get out once a year," he says. "There are new friends to make and some time to catch up on." He adds, "Maurice's return to the world means a vacant treatment space for a waiting child."

A new grain comes of age

Triticale is cutting a swath into commercial grain markets

For years, Canadian farmers have associated triticale with unappealing taste and meagre yields. Now, however, the hybrid grain has risen to new prominence. This year farmers have nearly doubled last year's total triticale acreage (perhaps, in part, because it is now crop that the Canadian Wheat Board doesn't control) by growing approximately 75,000 acres of it. Triticale is cropping up in cattle feed, the seed market, bread and crackers and even in the dinner rolls at a recent federal food-making dinner attended by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in Winnipeg.

The wheat-rye strain, first successfully crossed in 1973, is the only new



A problem-free stand of ripening triticale

grain ever developed. Rich in protein, it can be grown on marginal lands, whether sandy, acidic or saline—qualities that made it ideal for Third World countries. But preliminary genetic defects, susceptibility to disease and slow market acceptance soured the attitude of North American farmers. If the "Mc-Canadian" farmers were to be stricting themselves to growing triticale under small company contracts or for government-sponsored crop research for the Third World.

Now, as a sudden grassroots acceptance of the grain as a commercial crop, many farmers are also joining the glut of cash crop contracts for pure speculative planting, poured toward new domestic uses. Gordon Laing, a

food grain farmer in Glenside, Alta., was so pleased with his 50 acres of experimental triticale last season that this year he's growing 520 acres on spec. "I may try selling some of it to hog producers," he says. (Other wheat triticale farmers, such as A. Aronoff of Dartmouth, Man. (who has grown more than 300,000 bushels since 1982), have moved into the milling business. Aronoff's facility promised 30,000 bushels of triticale last year (for seed, flour and feed).)

Two hundred to 300 new varieties of triticale are tested by Canadian universities every year and by mid-1982 the University of Guelph in Ontario will have released the first strain of winter triticale. There's little doubt that as a cereal for beer, buns and steaks, or as a snack crop, triticale can match barley or oats. But certain varieties now produce plumper kernels and higher yields than the best wheat. For nutrition, triticale's lysine (the amino acid most lacking in cereals) and protein content actually surpasses that of most wheat. David Ribic, a Winnipeg entrepreneur, has been so impressed by the "new" grain that he founded Triflex Products Ltd. in 1979 to cultivate triticale in the crop. His marketing efforts have established triticale into the areas of railway stores, Bergans Foods Ltd. and Weston Bakers Ltd.

Richardson, born in a grain handling family, is relying largely on farmers' conventional wisdom. If wheat prices drop it's good to have a grain that's not so dependent on the market. "It's a good thing," says a Canadian farmer, "the market for triticale is still too unstable."—Eric Nibbel of Cordoba, Alta., found out when his 18,000-bushel 1980 crop sat in storage for six months waiting for a market. Richardson predicts, however, that a much stronger market will be possible once the Canadian Grain Commission gives it internationally recognized grades in August and new high-yielding varieties are available. Says Laing: "People would grow half as much again, but they want to be sure they can get the dollars per acre out of it."

—ANN MARSHALL

Wheat, from Peter Gertler/Globe.

The trouble with doubles

MAKING UP
by Don Bailey
\$19.95 hardcover,
\$7.95 paperback

At the beginning of the first story in Don Bailey's new collection, *Making Up*, there is a clue to the

problem of focusing that blurs the images of the book. The narrator, Jake, devotes two sentences to his dead-end condition: "The stuff goes on my wall in thick layers that defy all treatment. Usually it smashes its way free like a hysterical ghaster and lets loose a heavy cascade of white flakes just as the knot-

son is serving the chocolate pudding." Punny stuff, and it promises a witty, slightly farcical piece. Unfortunately Jake isn't witty and the story that follows isn't funny. The line is good, but it doesn't mesh, taking us, in fact, to the wrong direction. The focus is off because the camera is served in as an inappropriate part of the subject.

There are eight stories in *Making Up*, three about Jake, his estranged wife and their young son, and five, including the title piece, involving Wayne, his wife, Wanda, who is dying of cancer, and their young son. The stories about the two men are intertwined and that engenders a serious problem: their characters aren't sufficiently differentiated. Despite Jake's middle-class and Wayne's working class backgrounds it is essentially the same men in both narratives. They share an emotional reticence and a habit of dwelling upon it, a propensity for remembering childhood incidents at the drop of a crisis and parallel ways of dealing with their sons. They even operate out of the same system of meta-

phor, with two distinct lives to work with, the author could draw from subject to interlude to crisis, weaving the reader through complex emotional patterns. Instead, there are eight stories about two overly similar men and a sense of an opportunity missed. The last story in the book, the title piece, notwithstanding, there can be no sense of regret if there is no perception of potential. The story, which takes Wayne through the aftermath of Wanda's death, works quite effectively in a way that others in the volume do not. The dialogue holds, the visual images are sharp, and there is a sense of a sense of surviving.

It is too easy, and inappropriate, to dwell upon the autobiographical elements in Bailey's stories of Wayne and Wanda. But we are forced to remember Eugene O'Neill, and how long he waited, and had to wait, before feeling able to look clearly enough at his own family tragedy to submerge it into art, in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. Bailey may simply stand true. In *Making Up* the focus is indeed in art, but what we see is of the show looks interesting.

—GUY GAVELIN, KAT

Locker room confessionals

THE HITE REPORT ON MALE SEXUALITY
by Steve Hite
(Random House, \$22.95)

We now have a matched set, but we had the Hite Reports. First, there was *The Hite Report on Female Sexuality*, a survey of 4,000 women which finally told men what they were wanting in a wife to comprehend—most women don't achieve orgasm directly through intercourse and a lot of them long for premenstrual sex. When the study was published in 1976, its findings and its author, Steve Hite, quickly became established in our sexual lexicon. What the Hite report had done in the '60s to explode the myth of virgidity before marriage, *The Hite Report* did for female orgasm in the '70s. It even became part of the dating game: men preferring women—*"Gladly, I've read the Hite Report, I know where's it at."*

Then per the tables have turned and Hite has produced a massive 1,128-page report on male sexuality giving us the startling news that while it comes to their sex lives, "men are about as sexually happy as might have been thought."

More than 1,000 men responded to his detailed questionnaire, distributed through community groups and magazines. They answered questions ranging from "What is masculinity?" (A man



is one who carries a nice bulge in front of his blue jeans) answered one whose physics was perhaps better developed than his cerebral parts) to "How do you feel about the uterus?" ("I have the urge to submit it when you'll cause me uneasy reply). While Hite's method of questioning has been attacked as being vague and unscientific, answers such as these are infinitely more entertaining than dull, dry statistics.

Let's assume, but never insist, as the thought can make angry—anger is helpful in attaining a masculine facade ("Men) are supposed to be a cross between John Wayne, the Chase Manhattan Bank and Hugh Hefner"), eager to sexually passive women who expect them to initiate and do all the work during sex, eager at women's economic dominance. Liberman hasn't so much lightened their burden as confused them. However, they seem longing for the same things as women—tenderness and warmth with their partners. Some of them have even been sexually exploited themselves. "You been picked up by women who just wanted sex, and afterwards just rolled over and went to sleep?" (I don't like it any more than a woman does).

Hite is a feminist with a definite political stance. As long as women are not equal to men in our society, she says, sexual relations between them will continue to be frustrating and demeaning. She is also not big on intercourse, the sexual act, least likely to provide equality. "Sex would become much freer if intercourse were not always its focus," she writes, a point of view not upheld by most of her male respondents who, when they think of sex, think of intercourse.

But her politics are easily overshadowed by the whimsy of the men themselves. These are graphic, creative and intimate revelations. One man called his reply a "confessional without sin." Even the braids—descriptions of "great shoulder instruments" and the like—is touching, especially in light of one man's remark that "by and large, though, most of us are miserable sexual flops." That may be sadly despairing, but it points to want most people, male or female, know about their sex lives: there's always room for improvement.

—JULIETTE CHAMBERLAIN

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Shuttle House*, Cheryl (3)
- 2 *God Emperor of Mars*, Herbert (3)
- 3 *Curly Park*, Smith (3)
- 4 *The Covenant*, Maclean (3)
- 5 *The Clones of God*, West (3)
- 6 *Goodbye, Beattie*, Robinson (3)
- 7 *Man of War*, Jurek (3)
- 8 *Creston*, Peck (3)
- 9 *SPB*, Doughton (3)
- 10 *The Hitter House*, Wambrough (3)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Herriot (3)
- 2 *The Eagle's Gull*, Galsworthy (3)
- 3 *Comes, Says* (3)
- 4 *Robert's Book of the Blood Wedding*, Peckham (3)
- 5 *The Beverly Hills Diet*, Meert (3)
- 6 *Terry Fox: His Story*, Seymour (3)
- 7 *Patton's Gap*, Asher (3)
- 8 *War Between the Generals*, Irving (3)
- 9 *Super Man*, Smith (3)
- 10 *Male Practice*, Macmillan (3)

(1) Fiction had most

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Canadian
Direct Mail/Marketing
Association



Bailey's a sense of missed opportunity

phers. Here is Jake. "The past twists inside and a door swings open." And Wayne. "The boy's sooth triggers the look to the steel door inside Wayne where painful things got stored."

This lapse is just carelessness, of course, but the blurring of the two men is symptomatic of an overall failure to think sharply enough about the implications of the focus he has chosen. Looked at short stories lack both the self-contained energy of the individual short piece, as well as the depth of character and narrative that a novel allows. If there is a virtue in the focus it would seem to lie in a kind of epigrammaticity where we build up a sense of caring about these people. Or should be ready



Frail targets in a psychological war

SURFACING

Directed by Claude Jutra

Surfacing soothes with tensions. It is, despite its seasonal *Reflexes* (winter, exasperating what other Canadian film has had the impudence to examine the Canadian consciousness from a strictly psychosexual perspective) Claude Jutra, making his first English-language feature, an anxious (the director's anxiety for the reasons of Margaret Atwood's characters, while riding the book of its anxious gynoids. There is a startling and purgative quality in *Surfacing*, and it is not going to please anyone.

The four characters who travel in the wilderness of Northern Ontario have



Belief: fear of rejection leads mania

been hiding back from themselves for so long that, once away from the confines of convention, their pent-up rage and desires find a dramatic outlet. (Notably even *Surfacing* doesn't have Canadian content.) Calm fever and the unsettling effect of the alien environment (Jutra's woods are like Robert Frost's "lovely, dark and deep") act as catalysts for frantically hibernating emotions.

What sends these four on their way into the woods is Kate (Kathleen Bell), searching for her missing father, a movie biologist. She is joined by her boyfriend, Joe (Joseph Bette), an envious and competitive older brother, David (Keith Thomson), and David's

wife, Anna (Margaret Denig). The tension between the two couples, partially motivated by David's and Anna's realization that youth and beauty are no longer on their side, are primarily caused by long-festering, private conflicts. Each has a cross to bear, as one to mind.

Dead-headed Joe, baring his britches with sexual drive, keeps being rejected by Kate, who fears her missing father will discover them in the act. David Joe can't cope with rejection and turns to Anna for sexual comfort. Anna, who in turn has always been treated like an old shoe by David, elopes. David, pining after his brother's youth and good looks, wants Kate, who is rejected by him.

By far the most interesting, if unstable, character in this troubled quartet is David. David's sense of inadequacy is compensated by his compelling need to conquer sexually, his relationship with Anna has become one of dominance and humiliation. In *Surfacing*'s most disturbing original scene he forces her to undress and dance around a dead bird hanging from a tree while he takes snapshots and abuses her verbally. You can tell by E.H. Thomson's eyes that David cannot drive terror from excitement—they have become the same emotion for him. Anna's degradation has become her identity, and she has chosen mania over rejection.

If *Surfacing* has a theme it is that people will go to any lengths to feel needed and, if they are lucky, they will eventually be loved. The constant fear of rejection leads, feeding the repression in the movie, the others, especially Thomson and Denig, sense the tension as well as their fate. Wisely, Jutra has cast Atwood's dense, symbol-laden interior journey (her novel has no dialogue) as a simple narrative drive of lusty effects. His icy rhythms allow the tension the time to grow thicker and out. And, gratefully, cinematographer Richard Leffman, with the Canadian wilderness to tempt him, doesn't try to join the *Genius* of Seven. He uses the light in the woods for its mystery. In fact there is so little artifice in *Surfacing*, it may seem there is a little art in it.

Such a notion is deceptive and so is the journey spurred on by Kate's missing father, none or later than characters would have been forced to travel



Thomson, Denig, better dirt under a stone

made themselves. When they are revealed, raw and exposed, they engage in a psychological warfare few characters in Canadian movies have waged before. Jutra has found dirt under a stone. *Surfacing* may well be the Canadian movie a lot of people haven't been waiting for.

—LAWRENCE UTOOLE

Brief Encounters

S.O.B. Director Blake Edwards knows Hollywood a raspberry in this hilarious and ultimately touching tale of a producer who lays the biggest egg in movie history and inherits his wife's money. Not by retooling it as a genreographic epic. The wonderful cast includes William Holden, Shelley Long, Robert Preston and Lucinda Scott. This is also the movie in which John Anderson leaves his brothers and makes another kind of movie history.

Escape From New York It's 1997 and Manhattan has turned into a maximum-security prison. Eye-patched Snake Pliskens (Kurt Russell) is sent in to bring back U.S. President Donald Pleasence, who is being held hostage. Though it keeps its tongue in its cheek a little too long, John Carpenter's swash into the future is witty, imaginative and great fun.

Superman The Man of Steel finally melts for Len Lane and battles those punkish villains from Krypton. Sit back and try to catch your breath—this one sizzles like the devil.

—L.O.T.

The best seats in the wrong house

New offerings at the Shaw Festival seem aimed at maintaining its conservative audiences

Boyed by its successful 1980 season, the Shaw Festival went ahead last winter with plans to renege the Court House Theatre. An open stage has been created in front of the proscenium arch, and standard theatre seats now enclose three sides of the additional playing area. The renovation is in fact a temporary measure, and it's questionable whether standard festival offerings are really suited to this new design. Audiences attending last week's opening performances of Shaw's "Is God King Charles's Golden Deed" and Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's *The Mogratee* were definitely more comfortable in their cushioned seats than the plays were on stage.

Prospective viewers of King Charles are well advised to read the internal program on the program before the lights dim—plot breaks should be clear altogether. Shaw has rejiggered up an impossible day in the life of Isaac Newton (King Charles II), his mistress (including actress Nell Gwyn), his brother, the future King James, and the founder of the Quakers, George Fox, all drop in on Isaac during one of his "celebrating fits." Though everything from Newmann scenes to political philosophy is debated, nothing is resolved. The play closes with a mellow scene between Charles and Queen Catherine, who reassures him that sexual infidelity is all right as long as you're Catholic.

Director Paul Bettis has graciously accepted the play on its own bizarre terms, allowing its few touching moments to ripen of their own accord. But

in the end he is defeated by circumstance: both the youthful cast and the play, with its elaborate setting and overpopulated scenes, yearn for the protective caresses of a large proscenium arch. Lines become inaudible when backs are turned, and the open stage paradoxically makes the actors' movements appear stiffed and cramped. Michael Pawson as Charles almost meets the challenge of depicting an aging monarch twice his age with an insightful and well-timed interpretation, while Irene Hogg and Jane Groom



Michael James (above left) and Rod Campbell in "Rose Marie." Michael Bell (below left), Joseph Ziegler and Irene Hogg in "King Charles." Good solid fun



shine as Newton's housekeeper and Catherine, respectively.

Problems with the use of space in *The Mogratee* are not so acute since the cast spends half its time sitting under the table. This is brisk late-Victorian farce, a mild satire on the age's hypocritical men with a rich melange of comic roles. The setting is first-rate, displaying the company's strengths to best advantage. The sole and crucial exception is James Rankin's Sir Farrington, a burly young of 19 dressed into thinking he's 40, in Rankin's wimpy portrayal, as a Puck-like fly of 6. Robert Benson is waterfalls as the philanthropic bumbling magnate, and Derek Goldie, who can obviously direct farces like this in his sleep, choreographs proceedings at a customary fever pitch.

Elizabeth, the Royal George Theatre opened a pocket-size revival of the 1950s' chamber operetta *Rose Marie*. The five versions starring Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy is notorious for having engaged in the world's most contentious as image of Canada as a land now covered mountains, slovenly French-Canadian farmers, detached Indians and dim, dusty-bound Mounties. Any modern styling has to get around these stereotypes, and Paula Sperdakis' production for the most part achieves the necessary balance between amusement and warning. This is a lavishly budgeted show it all could have been tacky beyond belief—there are doubtful moments still—but the cast was not by overlooking pure charisma with unfettering musical ability in the hands of such as David French and Herbert Russell's score. Bell Anne Cole is a scintillating Rose Marie, melodious and charming, while Rod Campbell's Mountain, Sgt. "Bulldog" Malone, and Theresa Ryan's portrayal of the Indian Wanda, provide single brilliant moments for this pairings potpourri.

Shaw's latest round of openings—nothing spectacular, good solid fun—seems aimed at maintaining the loyalty of its conservative audiences. It is very likely that artistic director Christopher Norrish has happened on more of the proposed new Purville theatre is approved. But as long as more worthwhile material continues to be presented, the festival will have to make do with a renovated stage that could be more a liability than an asset.

—MARK CRANESIDE



DANCE

The lessons of heresy

By grace of Princess Margaret, a handful of front-row millionaires and British-Canadian corporate sponsors, the very expensive, most glamorous Royal Ballet opened its Toronto's O'Keefe Centre last week for the first time in 14 years. Currently celebrating its 50th anniversary, the Royal dragged along its inevitable *Russian fairy* as part of its week-long engagement. Strangely, however, in a celebration of freedom, the Royal also presented a pungent antidote, Sir Kenneth MacMillan's *Amadeus*, a new full-evening psychodrama about modern dance pioneer Isadora Duncan with enough ballet heresey—have heresey, uncontrolled leering and even tentacles—to give goose to the Moral Majority. Such innovation should provide a useful lesson to the National Ballet, which is just outstretching itself in a conservative repertoire.

That the Royal could successfully stage such the eccentric modernist *Amadeus* and regular dance virtuoso on successive nights is precisely why it remains the most secure and interesting ballet company in the world. Its dancers, from top stars such as Anthony Dowell to the lowliest corps members, own their company's eclectic (and underrewarded) repertoire with such naturalism and poise that they look as if they own the mortgage of every stage they step on. In the Royal's post-Pastorale metamorphosis, this self-assured



Jennifer Penney and Robert Judo in "Swan Lake," naturalness and poise

are more dramatic than tempered. Even Dowell made the occasional dizzy error, totally absent, however, was the terrified needle-stabbing technique of dancers in less assured companies who seem to be buffed by an evil ballet master.

The dramatic emphasis of the company was certainly crucial in *Amadeus*, which waned uneasily between ballet and theatre. In fact, choreographer MacMillan was two leaders, performed during the Canadian premiere

The Royal Ballet performing *Amadeus* awaiting its house ballet and theatre

by actress Mary Miller and dancer Nerle Park. Often draped decadently on a chaise longue on the side, Miller recited lines from Duncan's own autobiography—a film voice-over to the dance and pantomime sequences in the background. As a counterpoint to her narration, Park took over for expressive and often overwrought roles and *pas de deux*. Both successfully navigated the transformation of leaders from proper bourgeois Americans (aimed to contrast *fascist* with crumbly candy-floss hair). The problem was that there was little dramatic substance to explain this date variation. Moreover, the statistics into change of drama and dance consistently broke the rhythm of both forms, deadening the over-all emotional impact.

More central to the Royal's basic ideas were two mixed programs of shorter works, mostly by the company's resident guests, Sir Frederick Ashton. The 70-year-old choreographer gave his own slightly wobbly curtain call both nights, holding onto the edge of the curtain with a look that said he would rather be reclining in a Riviera restaurant villa. Perhaps to his own enduring annoyance, Ashton continues to produce masterworks. His early work was served well by his 1948 abstract *Notre ballet*, *Scenes de ballet*, expertly led by company firstball Lindsey Culler. Another early work, *Daphnis and Chloé*, was rather faded. Featuring Gretchen Oshroff dressed as if they had just emerged, color-coordinated, from an art deco dance hall and a grim Pua who resembled Duncan's ghost more than any sister, the work failed to be revived even by the considerable dramatic flair of Anthony Dowell and Vassouris in *Amadeus*. Although created just five years ago, Ashton's other work, *A Month in the Country*, showcased everything the Royal does well. Set in Chagrin, the intertwining of choreography and drama was nearly seamless, the story about the romantic passions in a Russian landowner's house passed as suddenly as a simple, bright dream.

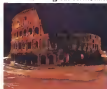
The presence of this astonishingly mature and competent British company gives a difficult question: Under the guise of cultural enrichment and "artistic enrichment," the federal government has volubly sponsored tours by such eminently forgettable tours as the Shanghai Ballet and the Ballet de Marseille. By contrast, the Royal managed to slip into Canada this year only under heavy corporate funding and then to be seen solely by Torontoans who could afford the top \$39 seats. The origins begin to be explained by the *Gettysburg* cultural office. —JOHN AYER

What's the Stock surprise?



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So what is the Stock surprise? (The price)

Rules are made to be spoken

Keep some in this insane world by following one's own stern rules

By Allan Fotheringham

I guess it was Stephen Potter who started it, the professionally fey Englishman who had done some 35 years up the basic Petermumbojumbo rules for tennis and other games of deadly intent: when in doubt, cheat. Professor Norcliffe Parkinson ("Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion") expounded the genre, staid on the way for Dr. Laurence Peter (who, no one will believe it, was my woodwork teacher in high school) with his classic Peter Principle: "In a hierarchy, every employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence." There is the accepted Murphy's Law: if anything can go wrong, it will. Peter Hain, the New York writer who in his spare time serves as a Jackie Kennedy date, laid down the other day his credo: Never eat at a place called Mor's. Never drink at a bar called Flappy's. Never play tennis with a man called Doc.

Not bad advice, but somewhat inferior is the more sinister, disguised long ago by Jack Hartley, an esteemed Seattle film-office manager. Mr. Hartley had a few rules that have helped many an innocent through life. Such as: "If your mother ain't sick, run away from her." Such as: "Never start a young man who smokes a pipe. All the time they sit around trying to look thoughtful. Actually they're trying to figure out how to steal a hot date."

Good stuff, though the Sweet advice ever disputed, when I was asked to survive to this ripe age, it was that emanating from the head lines of the legendary Satchel Paige who, due to his/her's loss on black players, did not enter the major leagues until his beard was dragging and was still smoking his high hard one in at age 56. Satchel had six wives in life, which enabled him to keep pitching at near 60. I have followed them all, the result of which is the fine physical

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Seattle Times*.

specimen before you

1. Avoid fried meats, which angry up the blood
2. If your stomach disputes you, lie down and pacify it with cool thoughts
3. Keep the juices flowing by jangling around gently as you move
4. Go very lightly on the veins such as carrying on in society. The social realm ain't useful
5. Avoid running at all times
6. Don't look sad. Something might be gaining on you



One can keep some in this insane world by following one's own stern rules. Follow them strictly. It's not that hard to survive.

Never serve on committees. It will take 10 years from your life. Don't talk on the morning. No good has ever come of it.

Men in their 40s who wear gold chains around their necks and bare their chest hair are usually in need of therapy.

The celebrated Ben Metcalfe said it. Never order a martini in a town that still has a high school band. Anyone who asks you, "Do you have a minute?"—isn't a lie. What they want is 20.

Marjory Kempton said it long ago. Editorial writers are the people who come down from the hills after the bottle and shoot the wounded.

The first thing any woman notices about a man is his eyes. After that, she checks his shoes. Try to shine your shoes.

When people say, "But frankly," one

always assumes that everything they've said previously was not.

Be wary of people you've never seen loading. They're not only dull, they're dangerous.

People who whistle a lot are usually nervous.

Why people are secretly selfish. They think everyone else is watching them. They're not.

The finest complaint that can ever be uttered was given to Stanley Woodward, the celebrated my editor of

the New York Herald Tribune back in the 1930s. Hearing of his death, a colleague said, "He was invariably courteous to his inferiors, barely tolerated his equals and was openly contemptuous of his superiors."

Do not try to devote too much time to your friends. It will only make your friends suspicious.

The English definition of a gentleman is someone who can conduct a heated argument with his hands in his pockets.

Any grown man who is not in love with Lena Horne needs to see a

doctor.

A Mr. G.B. Kave said, "The power of accurate observation is commonly called cynicism by those who have not got it."

Because of restaurants where the waiter comes around asking, "How's your meal?" If he has to ask, it isn't.

The reason Toronto is not the city it would like to be is because its press spends so much of its time proclaiming it is.

Couples who wear matching outfits invariably have unequal intellects. Else.

Roll your eyes and resign yourself when close friends invite you out for a casual drink and advise as to a career/drink/love. They will listen politely, thank you deeply and then proceed to do what they were going to do anyway.

Proof of how dull are most items is the amount of time devoted on television each night to the weather.

Never go to a party on a sick island.



Some things just take your breath away.



Great Canadian Vodka